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AN EPIC TRILOGY

by

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

Volume I

"THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF"

The Story of George Washington,
The American Revolution, and
The Birth of the Republic.

Volume II

"THE EMANCIPATOR"

The Story of Abraham Lincoln,
The Civil War, and The
Saving of the Nation.

Volume III

"THE GRAY CAVALIER"

The Story of Robert E. Lee,
The Southern Confederacy, and
The Dawn of the New South.

The Thornton W. Allen Company certifies that only five hundred copies of "An Epic Trilogy" by Lyman Whitney Allen have been printed in this first and autographed edition, each copy bound in three volumes.

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Lyman Whitney Allen

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GEORGE WASHINGTON

The Commander-in-Chief

From the painting by Gilbert Stuart

AN EPIC TRILOGY

VOLUME I

The Commander-in-Chief

The Story of
George Washington

By

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

In Commemoration of
The Two Hundredth Anniversary
of
Washington's Nativity
February 22, 1732

NEW YORK
THORNTON W. ALLEN COMPANY
1929

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To

NELLE CAMPBELL ALLEN

My Belovèd Wife and Poet-Comrade,

In recognition of her inspiration and devotion which have assisted in the making of this book.

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THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Prelude

THOSE PATRIOTS SUPREME

Who made immortal yesterdays—they are to-
day's Immortals,
With history's gifts and gains.
Resplendent stand they sentinels before to-
morrow's portals,
For opening life's new fanes.

So sing we Washington and them who wrought
with him achieving
Man's freedom and man's rights.
So pray we that the people follow on alike be-
lieving
God's purpose and God's lights.

And may those men called dead, but more alive
than these we vision,—
Those patriots supreme,—
Inspire, direct, and consummate America's de-
cision
To realize their dream.

Part One

IN OLD VIRGINIA

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON

His mother's name was Mary,—name long
blest.
She oft was called, "The Fair American";
Also, "The Rose of Epping Forest" phrased.
Hers was famed beauty. Every excellence
Of form and feature graced her with its spell.
Her hair was flaxen, and her eyes were blue;
Her cheeks were like May-blossoms, and her
lips
Were red with Nature's rouge of healthful-
ness.

'Twas Old Virginia's Age of Chivalry,
And she was "Reigning Belle of Northern
Neck,"
The much admired of gallant Cavaliers,—
Sires of the Southland's golden galaxy
Of warriors and of statesmen round her son.

High breeding, wisdom, courage,—these the traits
That won abounding reverence. Self-control
And equipoise of spirit,—these the gifts
That awed experience of her kindliness.
Observant, thoughtful, to each duty leal,
Expectant of the heavens for daily strength,
She moved patrician prophetess of Fate.
Well was she termed, with love and reverence,
The only Roman matron of her time.

Such lofty qualities of being, turned
To dignity and grace in her great son,—
Inherent sense of truth and rectitude,
And that fine sanity which sets apart
One from the many upon Nature's heights.
Commanding while devoted, she it was
Who strengthened Duty's leash about his life,
And held him Faith's and Freedom's by her will
For the hard paths Freedom and Faith should tread.

THE HERO OF FORT DUQUESNE

Of sires, the Old Dominion's Cavaliers;
Of blood which leaped to swords at bugle calls;
Stressing the veins of high inheritance
Plunged Washington into the Wilderness,—
The waste haunted by beasts and Indians
And strained with Nature's every violence.
It was a school where observation wrought
Preparedness for future leadership.

And soon it came. It is a wonder-tale
Of how the British forces westward marched
To halt the French advance; how at their head,
Knowing no fear, ready for any foe,
Rode Washington across the Wilderness,
By all proclaimed, "The Hero of Virginia."

At the Great Meadows, on the forest's edge,
There was a sudden skirmish. Jumonville,

The French commander, fell amidst the slain.
'Twas Washington's first fire and his first fight.
Never before did single musket shot
So stir the world. It was the signal given
For that long revolution which should drive
France from America, doom fosterings
Of mediaeval power on western shores,
Turn gentle Colonists to warriors fierce,
And loose the whirlwinds of democracy.

Though fully trained within the Wilderness
To border strife with French and Indians,
Yet for that lofty mission time and fate
Ere long should bring, he needed schooling stern
In discipline and military art
Alongside England's veteran regulars.

Facing Monongahela's winding stream,
Under a bright midsummer's morning sky,
Braddock's impressive army forward moved.
But suddenly, out of the forest shades,
A storm of musketry and savage yells
Broke cross the open upon British ranks.
'Twas only Washington's Virginians,
Equipped for frontier service such as this,

Who fought unfearing and unfaltering.
Amidst the raging conflict Braddock rode
Hopeless, but stubborn, till a deadly shot
Hurled him with mortal wound upon the earth.
'Twas then but one was left for leadership.
His soul aflame, into the battle's front,
Rushed Washington to stay the wild retreat.

Along the road, within the Wilderness,
At the Great Meadows, ere the break of day,
They buried Braddock, with his Briton's sword
Across his breast. By torchlight Washington
Pronounced the funeral service o'er his form.
It was a scene tragic and picturesque,—
The darkling woods, the glimmering bayonets,
The sorrowing soldiers bowed round open grave,
And a young hero's face upraised, the while
His voice fell on the night and on the ages.

Forward he led o'er Allegheny crests
And through the early blasts of winter-tide
His brave Virginians unto Fort Duquesne.
'Twas his at last, though found in smoking ruins.

Behold the shining "Gateway of the West,"
And through it the enchanted Wonderland
Surpassing poet dream,—of mountain range,
Wide valleys green and golden, villages
And cities, and the gloried pageantry
Of civilization's moving miracles,
While seers and sages of the world proclaim
As saviorhood of Anglo-Saxon faith
The lifted soul and sword of Washington!

MARTHA CUSTIS

It was a bright May day. The sun illumed
  Each blossoming garden, each green mead
    and weald.
He rode a splendid charger, gaily plumed,
  Which 'neath him gaily pranced and
    wheeled,—
  The gift of Braddock on Monongahela's field.

The while he journeyed, Old Virginia's lure
  Of hospitality
  Met him with prodigality
Of grace and beauty's garniture;
  And what so swift and sweetly
  Did follow fain and featly,
The chroniclers agree upon
Was providence to Washington.

As the next day he rode
Towards Williamsburg, o'erflowed

Remembrance whelming soul and sense
With imageries of excellence,—
Of hazel eyes, dark tresses, crimson lips
O'ershadowing all others with eclipse,
Smiles turning woosome murmurs, and white
breast
Tidal with mystical expectancy half-wise re-
pressed.

A power invisible had held him back,—
Back from the Lowland Beauty's sweet
vagaries.
He made escapement from insurgent wrack
Of two enchanting Marys.
What variant snares had likewise crossed
The pathways of his tender heart
Who may relate? But he had lost
All others, and fate's certain part
Had forced him with resistless art
To see through two bright oriels of a soul
His own possession, love's predestined dole,—
To make a heavenly of his earthly state,
To open inspiration's radiant gate
And let high winds of courage through
His spirit's every avenue.

There is no blessing like a woman's love.
  'Tis God's bestowment. Happy is the man
Who has it, and who lets it deftly prove
  A found affinity by Heaven's sure plan.
Thus only may he prosper Nature's dream.
  For woman's love frowns down the impulse base,
Smiles upon generous instinct, sways the gleam
  Of purpose with her faith's compelling grace,
And by devotion's daily comfortings
Spreads hope's pavilions where despondence springs.

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A GLORIOUS WEDDING *

At last when the victorious Army's Head
From Fort Duquesne returned,
Sweet Martha Custis, his betrothed, he led
Unto Saint Peter's Church, whose altar burned
With incense by their love and trust commingled fed,—
And they were wed.

It was a wondrous sight to see them wed,—
Mount Vernon's Master and his White House Bride,—
She gowned in white silk woven with silver thread,
With delicate lace and strings of pearls bested,
The while her loveliness was magnified;
And he of native majesty possessed,

* January 6th, 1759.

In silver blue and scarlet richly dressed,
  Wearing a glory from the wars beside.
So stood they and their marriage vows expressed,—
  He the grand Prince and she the Princess hale
  Of this renowned Virginian fairy tale.

It was a real patrician company
Of chivalry and beauty gathered there to see
The nuptials. Mid-day's sunshine fell in sprays
Across the crowded fane, and fashioned maze
Of soft and subtle blazonry upon each fortunate guest,—
Virginia's Governor * in gold-embroidered scarlet manifest,
High officers in glittering uniforms arrayed,
And gorgeous women blithe and brilliantly displayed,
Bewitchingly bedight,—
The aristocracy of Northern Neck, commingled lady and knight.

It was likewise a stirring spectacle,—
  The happy bride, seated in coach resplendent

* Governor Francis Fauquier.

Drawn by six horses, all in a mystic spell.
On restive charger, at her side transcendent,
The bridegroom rode, a stately sentinel,
As midst rejoicing neighbors home they went
To her "White House," Pamunkey's stream's embellishment.

The Old Dominion cheered the married pair,
And augury after augury turned to song.
But over all White Squadrons through mid-air,
Poising in argent wheels on pinions strong,
Witnessed the pageantry of Providence,
Knowing God had to His elect unfurled
A woman's comradeship against the offence
Just looming on the horizons of the world.

AT MOUNT VERNON

Mount Vernon's happy, happy years,
  With life and love o'erflowing!
Devotion's rapt and radiant peers
  Daily the dearer growing,—
Romance of heart and hearth the world re-
    veres!

Home lovers, Nature lovers,
  And lovers of God likewise!
What graces under covers!
  What grandeurs to the eyes!
O sense and soul, what glories of renown!
O sacred joy, what beauty's double crown!

Owner of fields and factors fortune-filled;
  Holding vast integers of loyalty
To heritance of wealth and soil full-tilled;
  With blossomy vistas, acreage far and free,

Grained with the virtues of Virginia's skies,—
A bright perspective to admiring eyes.
  So dreamed and fashioned he.

Master of self against tempestuous tides,
  And midst them all allegiant to the State;
Compelling rectitude, and faith that rides
  Exalted, honoring fealty's every strait.
So fame of him abides.

A vestryman within the Church of God;
  A patriot in the House of Burgesses;
In thought prolific, feeling duty's rod,
  Creating reverence, inspiring stress.
So numerous paths he trod
  Beyond the borders of his vicinage
  Into portendings of an ominous age.
So passed those quiet years of gathering strength
  At the still center of determinings
That clearer grew as grew events at length
  To fate's full issuings.

There at Mount Vernon as he forward gazed,
  Waiting the crisis and his hour combined,
He saw the iron hand of England raised

Against the ethic order of mankind,—
Getting without the giving,—heard the shame
Of acts despotic one by one invade
A people's hope and trust, and start the flame
Of revolution, never to be stayed
Till liberty and justice should express
Apportionments of men in righteousness.

Part Two

THE CALL OF THE CLARIONS

CALLING CLARIONS

Clarions, clarions,
Calling to Liberty's sons!

The while the British despot played the thief,
And sufferings of the people grew thereby,
The heart of Washington felt every grief
As 'twere his own, and indignation's cry
Leaped to his lips, resentment springing,
A hushed defiance flinging.

He heard across the land the thundertones
Of Otis as he voiced the people's wrongs,—
Freedom and slavery phrased before the thrones
Of arrogant taxation. Gathering throngs,
And duty's clarions, trumpeted with scorn,
Called Independence to be born.

Clarions, clarions,
Calling to Liberty's sons!

Silent and watching he at length perceived
  At Williamsburg Virginia's rising stress
  Of desperation and resistance heaved
  Across the turbulent House of Burgesses,
And heard the astounding speech of Henry hurled
  Against the tyranny of George the Third,—
Righteous invectives that bestirred the world,
  A flaming prophet's all-arousing word.

With gaze turned northward to New England's shore,
  He saw the people crowding Faneuil Hall
  And Old South Church to hear again the call
Of Otis with his fiery patriot lore;
  And later, 'neath the red and furious spur
  Of wrath, beheld the Boston Massacre.

What followed after ravaged fierce and free
  His spirit as a vehement kindling flame,—
Boston's resolvings 'neath the Liberty Tree;
  Boston's Tea Party, worthy high acclaim;
The Boston Port Bill with its savage wreck;
And Gage's cannon upon Boston Neck.

Clarions, clarions,
Calling to Liberty's sons!

How could he witness these and long desist?
Was not the fulness of his time at hand?
A thousand patriots he would enlist,
Subsist them, be their head, their ranks command
For the relief of Boston! Thus he thought
In silence, waiting the official word besought.

But out of "Raleigh Tavern" rose a prayer;
And from the "Appolo Room" went forth a vow,—
Virginia's "Cradle of Liberty" was there,
With Independence crowning Duty's brow,—
The Continental Congress to abide
In the approaching full September-tide.

Clarions, clarions,
Calling to Liberty's sons!

SPIRITS AFLAME

THERE rode three patriots through Mount
Vernon's gates,
Henry, and Pendleton, and Washington,—
Three of Virginia's Seven, whose dispatch
To Philadelphia's heart should start the doom
Of kings and thrones. Likewise across the land
Went similar heroes, freedom's chosen ones,
To voice the people and their sovereign rights.

That Continental Congress! Who may know
Or even guess the promptings of God's Voice
To those great men in their souls' silences,
As meeting face to face they saw and felt
Colonial brotherhood and unity,
And one great burning purpose under all?
'Twas there that standing forth above the rest
The famed Virginia Captain's presence tow-
ered.

After the Congress had expressed its mind,
Unto Mount Vernon Washington returned,
More grave, more thoughtful, more determinate.
The spirit of the Colonies he saw
With an unswerving relish, Liberty
Likewise, and close behind it mustering men.
Again he met at Richmond those he first
Beheld at Williamsburg as Burgesses.
But sterner were their faces, fiercer light
Shone in their eyes. "To arms!" was in their thoughts,
Their forced necessity, their early fate;
And Old Virginia, first in time of peace,
Should be not last or least in time of war.

PATRICK HENRY

While Washington and his illustrious peers
Sat in convention within Old Saint John's,
A-sudden rose Virginia's orator,
The fiery Patrick Henry. As he rose,
The little company of patriots
Leaned forward eager for his every word.
What sight was that to move the listening
heart!
What eloquence to stir attending soul!
What tragic and compelling artistry
Through which the spirit of resistance spoke!

There standing posed, as 'twere a galley-slave,
Condemned, in fetters, waiting for his doom,
Form bent, wrists held as though by manacles,
His frame and features speaking helplessness
And agony, with terrible emphasis
He cried,—"Is life so dear or peace so sweet

As to be purchased at the price of chains
And slavery?" He paused most solemnly.
Then lifting eyes, and raising fettered hands,
He called to Heaven,—"Forbid it, Almighty
God!"

And as he prayed, wrestling with Tyranny,
And followed, shouting,—"Give me liberty!"
He broke his chains, he wrenched his arms
apart,
And flung his manacles unto the winds.
Then smiting on his breast, as though he drove
A dagger to his heart, he wildly wailed,—
"Or give me death!" And as he thus exclaimed,
The dirge turned to a song of victory
Unphrased, but felt as rush of miracle,
That seethed and burned in every burdened
breast.

And there, close by, intently listening,
Caught in the swirl of "liberty or death,"
The soul of Washington ascended far
Into new realms of instant destiny,
And Conscience bared again her glittering
sword.

THE FIGHT OF THE MINUTE-MEN *

THAT night rode Revere,—how he rode, how he rode!
And Dawes,—how he rode likewise!
The signal lights from the North Church glowed;
"The Red Coats!" "To Arms!" were the cries.

That night the alarms,—how they rang, how they rang,
As on dashed the riders and steeds!
Aroused from their slumbers, the Minute-Men sprang
To muskets and deperate deeds.

From village and field,—how they swarmed, how they swarmed,
Those yeomen with vengeance aflame!

* Lexington and Concord, April 19th, 1775.

A tyrant's red columns relentless they stormed,
  And drove back to Charlestown in shame.

Those "Liberty's Sons,"—how they fought,
    how they fought,
  Blood-christened on Lexington's sod!
Immortals of Concord! Heaven's drum-beat
      they caught,
  And triumphed for freedom and God.

THE BRONZE MINUTE-MAN *

Behold the first American,
Old Concord's sculptured Minute-Man!
A century from the famous fight
This statue rose on granite site.
Out of bronze cannon it was cast
To glorify a cherished past.
Near the North Bridge, by Concord's stream,
Behold it, and a people's dream!

The Minute-Man! Observe him there!
Upon his lips a vow, a prayer!
Beside his plow, with gun in hand,
He waits alarum and command.
Though but a humble farmer youth,
He looms the valiant Knight of Truth,
Embattled guard at Freedom's gate,
Protector of the home and state.

* Unveiled at Concord, Mass., April 19th, 1875. Daniel Chester French, Sculptor.

The Minute-Man! What powers combine
To make this monument a shrine!
For where he stands those patriots stood
Who bravely offered up their blood
Which through this statue ever cries,
For Country's sake, for Right's emprise,
"Let each one be, as best he can,
The likeness of a Minute-Man!"

LIBERTY OR DEATH

Towards sunset of a beauteous April day,
From Alexandria to Mount Vernon rode
In haste a messenger with startling news,—
Bloodshed at Lexington, the Concord fight,
The rising country-side, the minute-men
Driving the British back to Charlestown Neck,
Three hundred Red Coats slain, the flaming heart
Of Massachusetts starting holocausts
Of revolution! Liberty or death!

The hour was come. The soul of Washington
Could wait no longer. Trumpeters of God
Were sounding, and strong hands invisible
Were forcing from its scabbard patriot sword,
And laying on his form resistlessly
Duty's impenetrable armor of Heaven.

He started from Mount Vernon with despatch.
Triumphal was his way. A cavalcade
Of comrades joined him. Generous infantry,
Fronted with music, led him to his goal.

DESTINY'S CHOSEN

The Second Continental Congress met,
And a rude army, sixteen thousand strong,
Was gathering round Boston in defense
Of law and justice, liberty and life.

While minute-men were swiftly mustering,
Demands aroused the people's waiting seers.
Resistance armed and courage vengeant
Must have commander. Only one there was
All-competent, and Congress clearly spoke
In unison what Adam's lips proclaimed.

As truly as at Jordan's storied banks
The Spirit descended, so the Mystic Power
On variant voices fell oracular,
The Almighty's will and purpose to express.
And as a fusing fire melts elements
Diverse into one burning composite,
So love of Country blended differing views

To an impassioned providential choice,
Confirmed alike by time and history
And by the endless march of rising suns.

Upon the immortal morrow Washington,
Standing before his peers, full-uniformed,
Modest but stately, simple but sublime,
Hero of war but advocate of peace,
Received from Peyton Randolph's lips the word
Of his election as Commander-in-Chief
Of "The American Continental Army."

DUTY AND PROVIDENCE

No poet may essay to phrase the thoughts
Of his perturbèd mind, as following
That day historical he faced the ways
Of duty and vicarious sacrifice.
But knowing well how liberty and life
Depended on his guidance and success,
He took the Sword, trusting Almighty God
To lead his Country's arms to victory.

And as he brooded through that weary night,
Sleepless while others slept, and taking on
In his deep thoughts burdens innumerous
Of obligation, bonds imperative,
To lead against a mighty empire's host
Rich with munitions, soldiers, generalship,
An army crude, untrained and unequipped,
With risks of failure, shame, and even death,—
Intenser darkness than the night-tide seemed
To close upon his spirit. Never star

Of hope climbed up oppressive firmament.
But somehow, cross the farthest rim of night,
There fell a Voice an ancient hero heard
O'er tortuous pathways of obedience,—
"Fear not! I am thy Shield and Great Reward."

He knew too well his God to be afraid.
Too oft beside him on the battlefield
The White Battalions had been watch and ward
For him now to be less than conqueror,
Having the faith that overcomes the world.

All through that night, as he lay pondering
Duty and Providence, upon Breed's Hill
The spades and axes of a patriot host
Were casting up intrenchments. Marching men
Were climbing noiselessly the silent heights
Which should present at dawn the front of war.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL *

I

The clover-musk of the meadows strewn;
  The heights of the fervent earth athrill;
A banner blue to the sky of June;
  And noon upon Bunker Hill;—

Noon after a weary night and morn
  Of care and labor, of fear and hope;
But freemen defied Oppression's scorn,
  And trusted their horoscope

Beheld through the misty lens of prayer,—
  White planets risen from seas of blood;
And over horizons far and fair
  The star of a future good.

* June 17th, 1775.

2

A sweep of fire under Charlestown's skies;
  And myriad forms, with eyes astrain,
From roofs and towers towards near emprise,
  Gazed hard through the hurricane.

Above, on the Shawmut's flowered crests,
  Tramped hurrying feet with terror shod;
And vows uncaged from Colonial breasts
  Soared sheer to the ear of God.

Beneath, from Charlestown to Charlestown
      Neck,
  From ashen village by vandals spent,
To isthmian margent spread smoke of wreck
  And smouldering ravishment.

3

Hot clouds of war o'er the Mystic's sheen;
  Imperial thunder past mast and keel;
A climbing of scarlet up slope of green;
  A flashing of serried steel;

An ominous hush on the gloried height;
  A waiting hand to a hot desire;
A sudden fury of patriot might;
  A burst of immortal fire.

The red host staggered 'mid blood and dust;
  Platoons lay dead 'neath the murky sun;
Back surged the tide of a tyrant's lust,
  And England's pride undone.

4

Repulse, dismay; then a deepening shame;
  A rally; a turning with snarling breath;
'Neath wind-shook vapors from Charlestown's
      flame;
  And over the swath of death

An upward labor through shrouding mist;
  In vain! for a guardian grace unseen
Breathed cross the shadows and seaward kissed
  The smoke of the hostile screen,

And royal battalions stood bare, to fall
  Before fierce tempest from yeomen guns;

A second fury of fire and ball;
  And monarchy's myrmidons

Plunged panting shoreward, in ravaged ranks,
  O'er crimsoned grass, till their wanton feet
Recoiled on the marge of the Mystic's banks,—
  Forced bounds to their forced retreat.

5

A turbulent respite; more men; new cheer;
  To life or death for one final strain;
For plunder that king-craft counted dear,—
  The British, with sweat and pain,

Climbed mad and mute over wounded and dead,
  On vengeance bent, towards the parapet;
And at the top, where the muskets fed
  On pluck, not powder, met

The miracle tide of a holy thought,
  Ancestral in soul and sinew,—learned
The measure of men who for conscience fought,
  The heat of a fire that burned

With justice for fuel, with truth for light,
  And freedom aflame at Faith's finger-tips;
So kindles the people's millioned might,—
  The right o'er the wrong's eclipse.

6

But fast outnumbered, the gallant few,
  One grappling three, broke line at last,
And battling backward and deathward through
  Defeat and the sunset passed.

Nay,—rather attest the after years,—
  To triumph and sunrise they fighting went;
And augured to wondering hemispheres
  Their venture's accomplishment.

The spirit ever has worsted brawn,
  And right is stronger than bayonets.
So out of the night comes freedom's dawn,
  A glory that never sets.

7

Stand sacred granite reared towards the sun
  On hallowèd soil! A hero slain

Lives on in a myriad heroes won,
  And truth's perpetual gain.

Uncarven obelisk! Memory's steel
  Graves deep each day in each sacred year
Both name and fame which the commonweal
  Forever shall hold most dear.

Each patriot deed that is done on earth,
  Becomes a light in Redemption's sky,
The natal star of a freeman's birth,
  A Heaven-bestowed ally.

Blest ushering in of the morn to be!
  Immortal promise events fulfill!
The pledge of American liberty,
  The Battle of Bunker Hill!

Part Three

THE SWORD OF REVOLUTION

THE RIDE TO CAMBRIDGE

THERE never was a journey such as that
From Philadelphia to Cambridge made
By Washington, Commander of God's host.
Majestical he rode, in uniform
Of blue and buff, and bright insignia
Of army headship, while his champing steed
Pranced proudly 'neath him. On his breast he
wore
The marriage miniature of her whose heart
Enshrined continuously his every move
With love and prayer and sense of destiny.
And this he ever wore until his death.

It was a wondrous morn. The countryside
Was filled with Nature's glories of the June.
The shining open's inconspicuous path
Changed to a highway spread with cloth of
gold
O'er which the people's Knight of Liberty

Upon his great white charger nobly passed
Unto the tournament of God, to fight
The lords of tyranny, and vindicate
Freedom and justice and the rights of man.

The people lined the way—his people now.
He drew their hearts and bound them to his own.
In those clear eyes and open face they saw
The spirit of their champion, and knew
Their knight as brother, true and pure and strong,—
A very Galahad before the Grail.

The while he rode, attending cheers and prayers
Strengthened his strength and sanctified resolve.
'Twas beautiful to see him thus espoused
Unto his countrymen and those ideals
That bore the birthmarks of the heavenlies.
No greater boon gives God unto mankind.
Than those exalted ones the people trust,
Knowing, forsooth, that they will do no wrong.
Such stabilize the cherished things of life,—
Freedom and government, preserving faith

For which immortal patriots fought and died.

It was a wondrous journey. On his way
He heard from courier, rushing in hot haste,
The tale of Bunker Hill, the brave defense,
Heroes unconquered even in defeat,
With Independence turned embattled flame;
And knew his Country's liberties were safe.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

It was the third bright morning of July.
The Continental Army stretched across
The Cambridge Common, halted in its march,
And waited for the coming of its Chief.

Soon there appeared a stately cavalcade
Headed by Washington on charger white,
Imposing in his General's uniform.
He was emblazoned dignity and grace,
With master-mien compelling reverence.

Beneath an elm tree at the Common's edge
He reined his restive steed. The regiments
Presented arms, drums beat, and Washington,
Returning their salutes inspiringly,
Drew forth his sword, assuming thus command;
Then rode along his lines of patriots,

Untrained to war, but in their spirits equipped
By rushing winds and cloven flames to start
Fury invincible, resistless wrath
To shatter tyranny and humble kings.

THE WASHINGTON ELM

THROUGH centuries three the great elm stood
The pride of the Cambridge neighborhood.
  It once was only a wonderful tree;
  But now—'tis the spirit of liberty
Reminding the soul of an ancient good.

The children played under its foliage;
The robins made it their leafy cage;
  The strong winds ruffled its beamy breast;
  But now—'tis a covert where high dreams rest
Of honor and justice and duty's wage.

It towered a glory against the skies;
And witnessed with Nature's bewildered eyes
  A people's oppressions and martyrdoms.
  But now—'tis the sign of a hope that comes
Attending democracy's constant rise.

One mid-summer morning beneath its shade,
On war-steed mounted, with lifted blade,
  Virginia's far-famed battle son
  Became America's Champion,
And took command of her host arrayed.

Great Liberty Tree! 'Tis vanished quite,
Like all things earthy, from earthly sight,—
  For time and decay at last o'erwhelm.
  But History saith, "The Washington Elm
Is deathless as he, and freedom, and right."

PROSPECT HILL

The following day he gave his first command,
Proclaiming from the heights of reverence
Obedience to God's laws, pureness of heart,
Integrity of life, the hallowing
With worship of the Sabbath, fervent prayer
For help divine through all the days to come.
Thus did he honor righteousness and join
His army to the Squadron of the skies.

Close on the brave defense of Bunker Hill,
The heroic General Putnam had retired
To Prospect Hill, wherefrom his anxious eyes
Kept watch on Boston and the country round.
Thereto rode Washington to view his posts.
He saw across the Neck, on Bunker Hill,
The British flag afloat, the foe intrenched,
And down the slope the scarlet uniforms
And gleaming tents of Howe's triumphant
host;

Likewise discerned beyond the Mystic's stream,
And on its bosom floating batteries
Commanding City and Peninsula;
And south of Boston, clear to Roxbury,
Observed the greater British force encamped.

But past this large and well-equipped array,
Looking resistless and invincible,
He viewed his own attenuate armament,
A semi-circle out from Winter Hill
Extending southward round to Dorchester.
But Oh, how desperate their prospect seemed,
How thin their ranks, how poor their furnish-
ings!
Had he not known the spirit of his men,
His vision would have ended in despair.

VOICES OF CONFIDENCE

During that visitation's vexing time,
From various patriots across the land
There came love's messages of trust and cheer.
They were reminders of the united voice
Of Congress that had highly chosen him
The leader of the ranks of liberty.
They were reminders, likewise glorious,
Of the Supreme Director of events
Who had united hearts and counsels thus.
Wherefore he should be strong and of good
hope.

Blest is the man who in his trying hours
Hears love's sweet voice beside him confident
Of what he is and does, that lifts his thought
To God and to His promises, and prays
For certain faith and courage undisturbed.

Reminders into supplications turned,
That the great God of Israel's armies shower
Upon him blessings of His Providence,
And give him ever wisdom, fortitude,
Cover his head in battle, add success,
And show his foes their vain mistakenness.*

* Paraphrased from a letter written soon after his assuming command, by Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut.

DORCHESTER HEIGHTS

The British rule in Boston,—tyranny
Of soldiers given to insult and to shame;
The Liberty Tree cut down and spent in flame;
The Old North Chapel wrecked and used as fuel;
The Old South Meeting House,—its parsonage
Destroyed, the Church become a riding school;
And Faneuil Hall turned to a theatre,—
These and like vicious desecrations filled
Colonial hearts with bitterness and hate.

But there was one commanding soul that watched
And waited till his destined hour should come.
His watch turned to resolve, resolve to words
Unto his men;—"Yours is a noble cause,—
Yours and posterity's and God's,—the end
Freedom or slavery as ye bear yourselves.
Forget ye not the Boston Massacre,

And let your battle-cry of vengeance be,
"Remember the Fifth of March!" And thus his spirit
Charged on the martial spirit of his men.

There upon Dorchester Heights that fateful morn,
Midst soldiery and guns, rode Washington.
His presence and his words thrilled every breast,
And men turned super-men the while he moved
Among them on white horse, waving his sword
And charging them, "Remember the Fifth of March!"

The British moved to Castle William, there
To wait until the night of their assault.
But one of those strange providential winds,
Storming through rain and darkness, turned the foe
Back unto Boston,—thence unto the sea.

No poet may relate as poet should
The gladness of the people as they swarmed
Back to the city from their long exile.
But with the gladness rose the welcoming
Of thankful populace to Washington,—

Selectmen, Legislature, Congress, all
Strove thus to speak their love and gratitude,—
"Go on, go on, approved of Heaven, revered
By all good men, by tyrants held in dread!
May future generations in the boon
Of freedom which your sword shall have obtained
Raise lasting monuments unto the name
Of Washington!"—to which the Chief replied,
Turning their praises deftly on his men:—
"They were at first a band undisciplined,
But under God, unto their bravery
And faithfulness to duty, do I owe
Success and the reward alone I wish,
My countrymen's affection and esteem."

So were the souls of freemen made to sing.
So did New England's heart of liberty
Welcome its saviors and its rising hopes.
And all men honored the Commander-in-Chief,
Since, in permitting Britain's ships to pass
Unharmed into the mists of distant seas,
He had preserved from wreck the people's homes.

THE MARCH TO NEW YORK

Slowly they sailed into the northern mists,
The ships of England,—whither no one knew.
But he who was the patriot army's Chief
And Master-mind could reckon readily.

From Boston to New York he led the way
Of marching troops, while people's anxious hearts
Followed their army's battle auguries.
The storm he had foreseen was gathering.
Well did he know New York was Nature's key
To all beyond. And all his Country's hopes
Rested upon his army and himself.

Not strange it was that suddenly appeared
Before the Congress, and at its request,
The imperious Washington. And there he stood,
Commander of his Country's battle ranks,

Full-uniformed, majestic,—courage and faith
Combined in flashing eyes and sternful face,—
And called for men and muniments of war,
And Independence. "Let what flames and beats
Within the people's turbulent minds and hearts
Be now declared! Let separate Colonies,
Now as one Country, voice their purposing
To their own host in arms and to the world—
A high ideal to live for, fight for, die for!
Let revolution come,—and it has come,—
The aftermath of toiling faith which dared
The ocean's waste and set redemption's goal
Within the embraces of this western sea!
No mere revolt against gross tyranny,
But one great struggle for one great event,—
A nation of free people, working out
What God works in for liberty and right!
Be this proclaimed by a republic's birth
And flung across the sky of history!
Wherefore, on with the revolution! lift
In voice of thunder and of fiery deeds
Your Country's Independence to the ages!"

FROM FIFES TO TRUMPETS

Again he rode amidst his soldiery,
The amazing wizard of preparedness,
Assured that soon his burning confidence
Expressed to Congress would be well confirmed.

And while defenses rose, and energy
Turned into bulwarks midst embattled town,
From Staten Island's lookout suddenly
Came the announcement that the British ships—
Those which had vanished out of Boston's sight—
Were headed towards New York, and in the lead
The frigate "Greyhound" bearing General Howe.

The waiting patriot Chieftain gazed across
Unto the Heights of Brooklyn, then to sea

Upon the full-sailed ships of England's fleet.
What miracle must come, what saving front
Of providence? The spirit has conquered brawn
Age after age, shaking the fundaments
Of Nature, while men's constant dreams have risen
Starward, transcending dust. A great idea
Turns fifes to trumpets, changes musketry
To sheeted hurricanes. When faith and thought,
Both captained out of Heaven, fare forth to fight
As one, though time be long, the end is sure,
Since 'tis God's end and His own triumphing.

No wonder that his spirit reached to touch,
Beyond the ominous clouds of circumstance,
The White Battalions, linking them with his!

Part Four

INDEPENDENCE

OUT OF CENTURIED NIGHT

Deep in the Anglo-Saxon breast
  Love of freedom is set supreme.
King or Parliament ne'er may wrest
  Out of Nature its sacred gleam.
Hail to Liberty's endless quest!

Western scions of English sires,
  Forced at length by oppression's pains,
Broke the cordon of pent-up ires,
  Loosed the fury from patriot veins.
Hail to Liberty's quenchless fires!

Loud they clamored,—"Right makes might!"
  Fought and triumphed for all men's good;
Brought God's day out of centuried night,
  Independence and brotherhood.
Hail to Liberty's sons of light!

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

As many little streams together flow
And make one mighty river rushing on
In widening sweep resistless to the sea,
So did the patriot rivulets of thought
And purpose run and greaten, till at length
They grew to revolution's whelming tides.

For Richard Henry Lee—give God the praise!
And for John Adams—be the Lord adored!
But for George Washington, whose word and sword
Were Right's supreme appeal in hall or camp—
Let Liberty renew her altar fires!

The doors of Congress and of Destiny
Were closed to all save Duty's chosen seers,
Who, fared from each day's session, subtly wore

Solemnity, as 'twere some priestly robe;
And each sage face shone with a strangeful
    gleam
Never before beholden. Then it came,
The Day, the Deed, as through white-heaten
    flame—
White Day, White Deed, the twain heroical;
And then—the Declaration of Independence.

A Nation new was born, a Country saved
To freedom and to virtue and to truth;
From Britain loosed forever; government
Without tyrannic king or ministry;
The people their own rulers, and their sway
The blessings of inalienable rights—
Nature's endowments, life and liberty
And the pursuit of happiness. So came
The people to their station under God,
With faith in Providence and mutual pledge
Of life, of fortune, and of sacred honor.

One voice of jubilant proclaiming turned
A torrent of exultation as the throngs
Answered in patriot thunder. From the bell,—
Whose tongue had waited in the State House
    tower

A quarter century this advent time,—
Reverberations of its belted cry,
Long silent in the bronze, but now set free
To ring for freedom, rang, and rang, and
rang.

SONG OF THE BELLMAN

July 4th, 1776

INDEPENDENCE! The deed is done;
  Ring, Liberty Bell!
Fling the message to wind and sun!
  Ring, Liberty Bell!
King and Parliament—they're defied;
Open the gates of freedom wide!
On with the revolution's tide!
  Ring, Liberty Bell!

Independence! The truth is free;
  Ring, Liberty Bell!
Loud is the word of the Lord's decree;
  Ring, Liberty Bell!
Forward, Patriots, sword in hand!
Follow Duty's supreme command!
Drive the tyrant out of the land!
  Ring, Liberty Bell!

Independence! The triumph comes;
  Ring, Liberty Bell!
Marching of men and roll of drums;
  Ring, Liberty Bell!
Flaming Justice and Righteousness
Ride at the front through storm and stress;
God over all, and a sure success!
  Ring, Liberty Bell!

THE ARMY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

The event upon the waiting army burst
As day upon the night, and lowering clouds
Were for the moment rent by joy and hope.
Each soldier felt the good grown sacreder;
Himself more fully Destiny's elect;
Behind him a Republic worthy all
Strong soldierhood and lofty citizenship
Given at their best to fashion ceaseless weal.

In every regiment beat all the drums;
The guns saluted and the soldiers cheered.
From Bowling Green up Broadway Washing-
ton
Rode with his Staff. The soldiers lined the way,
Presented arms, and hailed him as he passsed.
A hollow square was formed of bayonets.
Within it on his charger sat the Chief
In silent majesty. An aide advanced

And read the Declaration to the men
Whose arms had made it larger than a thought;
Whose arms should make it hope's reality.

For this was but the Declaration; soon
The fighting for it and the winning it
Must come, was come; and for such holy cause
Sprang forth, as God's immortal Sabaoth,
The Army of the American Revolution,
With Washington its great Commander-in-Chief.

And what strong words from him close following
Are with the Declaration ever linked,—
Hopes that their Country's act would truly serve
A fresh incentive to fidelity
And courage both in officers and men,
Knowing the Nation's safety and success
Depended on their triumphs under God!

He scarce had finished, and huzzas had ceased,
When with one rush the excited multitude,

Soldiers and citizens, breaking restraints,
Down Broadway started. Upon Bowling Green
Stood an equestrian statue of the King.
"Down with it!" cried they, and they tore it
down;
And what was gilded leaden kinghood soon
Turned bullets to be fired at kinghood's troops.

It was example unto other throngs
Lifting a new Republic to the world,—
"Away with statued kings and pedestals!
Away with blazoned sceptres, crowns and
lions!
For us the Eagle and the Stars and Stripes!"

Part Five

TRAGEDY

LONG ISLAND'S BATTLE EVE

Despite the marvels of that wondrous day,
The after days closed round him ominous.
Danger was everywhere; disaster wrought
With danger. From the north, as on black wings,
Spread news of Arnold's and Montgomery's
Canadian defeat; while on the sea,
Off Gravesend shore, floated the British fleet,
Landing its veteran Red Coat regiments.

From Brooklyn Heights his practised eye beheld
The foe's battalions moving. Well he knew
Their destination. Back and forth he went
Betwixt Manhattan and Long Island shore,
Watching, preparing, supplicating God.

When to his chamber he withdrew that night—
Long Island's battle eve—thus did he speak

Unto his anxious officers these words;—
"The selfsame Providence that rules to-day
Will rule to-morrow. Gentlemen, Good night!"
And through the night he slept, as children
sleep.
Such is the secret—hope sustained by faith—
Of every soul that overcomes the world.

THE RED SHAMBLES

The following day he was aroused at dawn
To hear the rumble of the distant guns.
To Brooklyn Heights he hastened anxiously.
There, by the coast, moved British regulars;
There, cross to Flatbush, troops of Hessians
    strode;
And there, the invading army's larger part,
By Clinton, Percy, and Cornwallis led,
Marching through Flatland to Jamaica's road,
Was turning westward unto Bedford Hills.

Upon the Heights of Brooklyn stood the Chief,
Hearing the thunder of artillery,
And seeing just in front the Hessians
Assaulting the redoubt, and Sullivan
Retreating with his troops into the plain,
Only to meet dragoons and infantry
And find himself caught 'twixt his enemies.
Such horrors followed as no pen may note,

Piercing the General's agonizing heart.
To view his soldiers midst such havocking,
Cut down and trampled by the cavalry;
Thrust through by ruthless Hessian bayonets;
Resisting, but o'erwhelmed by battle flame;
Groups rallying, but laid low or driven through
blood;
Confusion, consternation, carnage, clash
Of rushing warriors, tramp of horses, roar
Of slaughterous combatants and dying men
Midst the red shambles at the gates of Hell,—
No wonder that he wrung his hands and cried,
"Good God! what brave men I must lose this
day!"

And there on Brooklyn Heights, that August
noon,
The great Commander witnessed his defeat,—
The massacre, pursuit, surrender, loss,
With anguish only such high souls can know.

THROUGH FOG AND TIDE

THAT night the souls of battle heroes stirred
With awe and agony. The bravest troops,
Wearied and sick and shelterless, despaired.
Upon the field, from which they had escaped,
Their wounded comrades lay, unhelped, to die.
Compatriot dead stretched all unsepulchered.
While fugitives, from swamp or thicket fled,
Increased disheartenment and bitterness.

But one great light amidst the darkness shone,—
The presence of the loved Commander-in-Chief.
For eight and forty hours he did not sleep;
And all the while he rode among his men,
Commanding General and devoted friend,
Watching and caring and encouraging,—
His smile, their cheer; his faith, their confidence;

And many a soldier knew his kindly words
Were punctuated with believing prayers.

The morning dawned after a dreary night;
The air was chill; the sky was dense with clouds;
In from the sea vast mists rolled heavily;
And later on the rain in torrents fell.
But Oh, the gloom that filled men's anxious hearts!
And Oh, the brazen sky above the gloom!

At midnight a dense fog engulfed the camps
Of both the armies. Through the following day
It hung impenetrable, save that once
A breeze sprang up and gently raised the veil
Off Staten Island to disclose the fleet
Of Britain in the Narrows, and her troops
Preparing for a new increased assault.

The White Battalions were at work that night
Holding the four winds cross the firmament,
And pressing down upon Long Island's shore
The thickening fog, while on the other side

New York lay 'neath full moon and cloudless
sky
Inviting, calling the Americans.

High bugles sounded over patriot ranks;
The sword of Washinton sprang forth a shaft
Obedient, smiting the enclosing doom.
There was defeat, despair, and there was God,
God the Inscrutable, but always Love.
Advance, retreat, so be it, either one;
Who cares, if 'neath God's ordering trump-
eters?

Thus started the withdrawal to New York,
With Pillar of Cloud behind and Fire before.
In silence and in order moved the troops
Of Liberty, boat following boat across
Midst fog and tide, while Washington
Stood by the ferry through the weary hours
With vigilant gaze and ordering words that
seemed
Mandates of Providence so strangely joined
With Destiny and Nature. As he stood
There by the water's edge which a strong
Hand
Invisible had made subservient,

He seemed a later Moses, servant of God,—
The selfsame God who had again observed
The afflictions of His children, heard their cries,
And had descended to deliver them.

And suddenly, as by a miracle,
The north-east wind turned south; the raging tide
Changed with the wind's quick veering; violent waves
Settled to smoothness. With the dawn of day
The fog rolled in more densely from the sea
Gulfing the British camp, while leaving free,
But for thin mist, river and landing-place
For patriot consummation. At the end,
All others having passed, with Hamilton
And his artillery safe, the Chief himself
In the last boat embarked. And as its prow
Touched on Manhattan's shore, and Washington
Stood with his army saved amid the cheers
Of greeting thousands, suddenly the mist
Broke, and the sunlight from the clearing sky
On his uncovered head fell like a golden crown.

CROWN OF THE SUN

Bared blue sky and a sun's gold crown,—
  Welcome the heavenly sign!
Millions of eyes are gazing down
  Watching the token shine.
Come black clouds, come wild winds blowing!
Hover and mix o'er the fierce tide's flowing!
Who has visioned has sure foreknowing,
  Seeing the Fates combine.

One read true and his heart beat high,
  Silent and venturing well;
Mounted and smote, and made no cry,
  Vaulting the bars of Hell;
Seized the azure and crown and glory;
Held them fast while the ways ran gory.
Here's white prophet, and here's red story,
  Sounding what none may tell.

THE ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK

THROUGH the week following the great retreat,
Approaching crisis bore down every heart.
Distress, dismay, filled every soldier's breast.
Desertions, working shame and treachery, rent
The army's ranks; and the militia-men,
Unused to war, were eager for their homes.
The bravest troops were well-nigh hesitant,
And the wild winds of anguishment and gloom
Swept violently the mind of Washington,—
Blew in so fiercely on his inmost soul,
That even the White Battalions closing round
His spirit with cheer divine could scarcely hold
Commander-in-Chief against o'erwhelming
grief.

But he was Destiny's, and God had trained
Him for such times, as when all others doubted,
He should not doubt; as when all others feared
He should not fear; as when all others failed,
He should not fail, but have for them and self

Faith, courage, triumph, proven mastery.
So through that tribulation week he passed
Unscathed, and rose sublimer than before,
More strong, more bold, knowing Whom he
believed.

Long Island in possession of the foe,
And Governor's Island girt with battle ships,
The City at the mercy of their guns,
Who might not guess the aim of General Howe,
To swing his strong battalions to the rear
Round the Americans, engird the town,
Make prisoners of Colonial regiments,
Thus hold the Hudson River, and cut off
New England from the Southern and Western
States?

The deepening shadows grew more threatening.
Each day the army weakened, and the hope
Of holding fast New York grew ever less.
The General and his officers beheld
But one way safety-ward, abandonment.
Even then the foe's bombardment had begun,
And Washington, riding among his men,
Came nigh destruction through a bursting shell
Close in the pathway of his horse's feet.

WHITE PLAINS

Leaving New York, the army following,
Anticipant he spurred to Harlem Heights.
Upon the summit there was quickly built
Fort Washington, and on the Jersey side
Was fortified Fort Lee. Perplexedly
From post to post moved Washington, and made
His soldiers ready for whate'er might come.

The British followed northward. By the Bronx
The armies faced each other. Washington
Hastened with rapid marches to White Plains.
And there they met in conflict. Suddenly
The British army halted to await
Lord Percy's reinforcements. When they came,
That night a tempest wild and wasteful rose,

Who values not the record of God's storms,—
Those dips of Providence into the sweep

Of earth's inventions with Heaven's interventions?
He makes the rushing clouds His chariots;
He rides upon the pinions of the wind.

Then Howe withdrew his troops, and Washington
Planted his cannon on the Palisades.

FORT WASHINGTON

THERE on the Palisades stood Washington
Amidst Fort Lee, while slowly southward marched
Canadian armies, and directly cross
The Hudson Red Coat columns moved again
For fresh attacks. The order had gone forth
For all the patriot arms of every post
To gather on New Jersey's hither shore.
But General Lee, the traitor, disobeyed;
And Congress frightened, doubtful, gave command
To General Greene to hold Fort Washington.

There the great Captain stood as ne'er before,
There at Fort Lee, and watched the ways of fate,
A leader of armies, thwarted and contemned.
Triumphant foe had wrought enough of pain,
But friend turned foe, and smiting in the dark!

Alas the heart-break and the agony!
But when across the river he discerned
The battle smoke, the assault, his valiant men
Begging for quarter, foully bayonetted
By brutal Hessians, and at last beheld
The red-cross banner of Saint George afloat
Above Fort Washington, he turned and wept.
Oh bitter tears, Oh hot and stinging tears
That filled the eyes of sweet beneficence,
And seamed the countenance of sacrifice!

Who fights for great ideals can only win
Through suffering,—the sense of failure, loss,
Faith meeting doubt, Beauty midst ashes lone,
The spirit breaking on the wheels of fate,
And Hope's face colorless towards Death and
    Hell.
But when the worst has come, the best begins.

For what high usages was now Fort Lee,
Its sister being taken? Washington,
Foreseeing purposed British strategy,
Had ordered troops and stores to Hackensack.

The chosen night was dark and rainy. Cross
The river moved the Red Coat soldiery

Under Cornwallis, scaled the Jersey cliffs,
And southward marched to gain the patriot
rear,
And 'twixt the Hudson and the Hackensack
Enclose the Americans for certain fate.
Thus was begun the great retreat whose fame
Has given New Jersey immortality
Had she none other causes of renown.

Part Six

EMBATTLED JERSEY

THE RETREAT THROUGH NEW JERSEY

Over the meadows of Hackensack,
  Driven and broken and spent;
British and Hessians close at their back,
  On they retreating went.
Washington's army those soldiers were;
He was their hope and deliverer;
Whereso ventured his sword and spur,
  Round him their spirits blent.

Under their feet was Jersey soil;
  Over their heads the sky.
Theirs was a cause to make men toil,
  Suffer and fight and die.
Washington's heroes those patriots trod,
Wretched and hungry, half-clad, half-shod;
All for freedom and all for God,—
  Such was their marching cry.

As they wearily strode along,
  Under fate's fiery whips,
Courage faltered, and duty's song
  Died on a thousand lips.
But at the front rode Washington,
Reckoning ever God's will was done.
His was a trust in a rising sun
  Never to have eclipse.

White Battalions their vigils kept
  Crowding the sky's inclines.
Faith beheld as the high ranks swept
  Close to the patriot lines.
Washington's prayers had pierced the Blue,
Turning flight to a grand review.
Who shall hinder or misconstrue
  Victory's heavenly signs?

So they marched from the Hackensack
  Clear to the Delaware;
British and Hessians close at their back;
  Squadrons of God in air.
Washington knew, by his heart's wild beat,
Destiny's purpose in man's retreat,
Hearing commingling wings and feet
  Under celestial care.

ON PENNSYLVANIA'S SHORE

By order of Washington the many boats
Along the many miles of Jersey coast
Were gathered for his soldiers' early use.
Scarce had the American rear-guard crossed
the stream
When Lord Cornwallis and his columns reached
The eastern bank, expecting to pursue.
In vain. The boats were all with Washington.
Wherefore the British Chief distributed
His men along the Delaware to wait
The water's freezing for their next advance.

A fortnight's sky of hopelessness hung o'er
The patriot army, Congress, citizens.
Confounded were the elect of Liberty.
The very pillars of a people's trust
Crumbled beneath the weight of circumstance.
How could this meager dwindling armament
Be else than shattered by the halted foe?

It seemed the Revolution's hour of doom,—
While all the trumpeters of faith were still,
And all the beacon-fires of cheer were dead.

Beneath the storm-wracks of perplexity,
Midst gathering menaces, stood Washington.
While every other doubted, nowise he,
Believing ever in his sacred cause,
Persuaded of its justice and its rights.
Grave, thoughtful, solemn, moving quietly,
He wrought his will as though his strainèd soul
Were apprehending the Invisibles
Above the visible forces of the world.

No hand is lifted for the Hand of God
But finds it; and the heavier the dark
The stronger is the grasp of helpfulness.

As a high mountain rises from the plain,
While round its slopes the clouds and thunders
roll,
But just above, the peak stands glorious
Bathed in the sunlight and the heavenly blue,
So Washington rose through the clouds of
war,
Gloom of distrust and noise of discontent,

Into the unmarred sky of love and peace
Meeting the high sustaining winds of
heaven,—
So was his soul pervaded, and he heard
The bugles of the White Battalions sound
The reveillè of forward purposings
Down the inclinings of the firmament,
Along the approachments of the Christmastide.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT ON THE DELAWARE

'Twas Christmas night, and the wintry air
Was black and bleak o'er the Delaware.
The wind had turned to a howling blast;
The snow and the sleet were driving fast;
The river's current was strong and swift,
And laden with blocks of ice adrift.
What mortal would venture?—But one great soul
Beheld it the path to freedom's goal.

Beside the stream on the western shore
Stood Washington with his faithful corps.
His spirit was stronger than wind and wave;
And those about him were bold and brave.
To cross that river that Christmas night—
Such were his orders, all else despite;
For faith had visioned redemption's rod
Outstretched over all from the Hand of God.

All hail to the men of Marblehead
Who rowed where the White Battalions led,
From eventide till the break of day
Along that perilous icy way!
All hail to the soldiers who dared embark
At Washington's call, in the cold and dark,
The while a nation was nearing birth,—
The child of Heaven to bless the earth!

The cold drear hours of the night wore on;
But Washington stayed till the work was done;
Directing the launching of every boat,
And cheering the hearts of his men afloat;
Behind him the snow, stained red by their feet;
Before him the current, the wind, the sleet;
But over him Destiny's strains were heard,
And in him the Voice of the Living Word.

At length, in the last brave boat he stood,
And followed his heroes across the flood.
And as he plowed through the grinding tide
The Banner of Freedom went at his side
Enfolding Victory's unseen form,
Defying with him the ice and storm.
Thank God for the spirit which conquered
there
That Christmas night on the Delaware!

THE TAKING OF TRENTON

'Twas early morning when the host complete
Landed on Jersey's shore. In eager haste,
Facing the blinding storm of snow and sleet,
The patriot troops began their perilous march
On Trenton, unto victory or death;
While with unceasing watch and sympathy
Attending every movement, Washington
Rode at their head midst the artillery.

All suddenly, as 'twere a whirlwind, burst
The advance upon the Hessian picket-guard.
Confusion, beat of drums, and trumpet blasts
Mixed with alarum cries, were drowned by roar
Of desperate victors forcing through the streets
Bewildered, panic-stricken enemy.
'Twas short-lived fight for long-lived issuance.

The crisis now was past; the threatening doom
Lay shattered in the path of Washington.
The British, stunned, turned from the Delaware
Back upon Princeton. Startled loyalists
Trembled, while weakened patriots grew strong.
Throughout the Country the glad tidings spread,
And hope returned unto the people's hearts.
The army felt the sudden triumph rush
Along the lines like opulence of fire.
But best of all, and over all, arose
America's new trust in Washington.
A miracle of deed had covered him
With penetrating light. His generalship
Blazoned his genius. His far-seeing thought
Was prophet-like as in the Golden Age
Of Israel. Emboldened faith was matched
By swift and daring action. He could bow
That stately form, even as the great oak bends
Its top before the storm. He could raise up
That front imperial, when God's hour appeared,
And flash the lightnings of his leadership
From pole to pole, smiting in majesty.

And midst all clouds and darkness and all
    lights,
He stood the embodiment of Independence.
The people's hopes and dreams of liberty
About him circled. Laurellings of love
Went with his goings. Every foeman's scorn
Vanished before the whisper of his name.
And all men learned, ranging the awesome
    dawns,
Stars in their courses fought for Washington,
And where he went, there was the Revolution.

ASSUNPINK BRIDGE

WHAT violent peril and what flaying fate
Rode on the wild and wintry elements!
Again the army crossed the Delaware.
'Twas hope of Washington now to redeem
New Jersey. Stealthily he marched his troops
Again to Trenton. There it was to meet
Cornwallis out of Princeton for his doom.

Upon the Assunpink's southern bank he placed
Artillery and infantry as guard.
'Twas nearly sunset when Cornwallis made
Assault upon the bridge, and, thrice repulsed,
Beheld his Red Coat veterans mowed down,
And the stream gorged and crimson with their
blood.
All through that battle hour sat Washington
On his white charger at the bridge's end,
Eyes on the whirlwind, hand upon the storm.

At last the evening came, the fighting ceased,
Deep darkness fell on Nature and on soul.
But one mind felt the spreading wings of hope
Angelically beat through thought and sense.

Why should not night-tide turn protective friend?
Mild weather and wet ground,—they answered, "Nay!"
But be it known winds are Heaven's servitors,
And freedom's cannon are the guns of God.
More closely than a garment, Destiny
Enswathes her own. So came it in that hour,
Winds of the north beat quickly, icily,
Soft fields and roads to hardness till they lay
Pavements of Providence for patriot feet.
Then one strong voice,—and freedom's army moved.

THE WIND'S UNLEASHING

Angels holding the northwest wind
  Loosed it over the earth.
Frozen ground which it left behind,
  Served for freedom's worth.
Thus was the road to Princeton made
By the heavenly aid.

How they marched, those lords of the night,
  While the Red Coats slept,—
Bravely marched till the morning light
  Cross the firmament crept!
Thus towards Princeton they strode along,
Washington's righters of wrong.

Doubt turned faith as the curious spell
  Rode on the icy gale.
Whose but God's was the miracle,
  Whose but His was the trail?
As 'twas then it shall ever be,—
Master of destiny, He.

THE NIGHT MARCH TO PRINCETON

NIGHT march to Princeton,—'twas a perilous
    march.
Sunrise o'er Stony Brook, and with the morn
The battle flame and smoke of Princeton field.
Artillery 'gainst artillery; patriot troops
Turned fugitives; heroic Mercer slain;
And hot pursuers meeting suddenly
Brigades of Washington. 'Twas rapid rush
Of ranks on ranks, and columns answering
With battle rage. At length the Americans
Hard-pressed began to waver. Washington
Beheld the peril, knowing its fearfulness,
And spurring his white charger furiously
Rushed to the front of danger, reined his steed
Close to the foe, swung his imperious sword,
And called upon his men to stand their ground.
At the same moment, while he sat between
The lines, a target for the enemy,
The opposing columns fired. His soldiers bowed

Their heads and feared to look, for surely he
Who led the charge had fallen midst the slain.
But when the smoke had cleared, there on his
horse
He sat unscathed, as by a miracle.

A loud and jubilant cheer rose from the ranks
As they beheld their General on his steed
Waving his sword and answering to his men
In the great moving light of victory,
And in the instant fury of pursuit.

UPON THE FIELD OF PRINCETON

Dear is the name of Princeton
  And its historic field.
There Washington
His troops led on,
  And forced the foe to yield.
Upon his white horse charging
  He rushed into the fray.
O God, but it was terrible
  To see him there that day
Upon the field of Princeton!

Dear is the fame of Princeton
  And its historic fight.
When fire and smoke
Of battle broke,
  Loomed Washington in sight.
Upon his white horse wheeling
  He cleaved his victor way.
O God, but it was glorious

To view him there that day
Across the field of Princeton!

Dear is the claim of Princeton
And its historic men.
To one who dreams
Of storied themes
Comes Washington again.
Upon his white horse towering
He triumphs o'er the clay.
O God, but it is wonderful
To feel him there to-day
Above the field of Princeton!

AT MORRISTOWN

From Pluckamin to the Passaic Falls
There runs a line of hills historical.
Set as a jewel in this crescent range
Is Morristown, a city richly graced
With loved memorials of Washington
And his devoted men. Two winter-tides
They gathered there, waiting the coming
Spring.

And while the Winter passed his army grew.
And as his word went forth from Morristown
Watchers discerned the firmness of his mind,
His steadiness of faith, the unbroken strength
Of patience midst unreason of his peers.
Across New Jersey's whitened landscape gazed
Wisdom-anointed eyes of leadership.
He saw the British Generals in New York,
In mansions housed midst revelry and ease,
And blazoned with the gifts of royalty.

He heard the English guns' unceasing roar,
Symbols of empire never to be won.
He felt the ravages of heartless foes,
The horrors of their brutal prison-ships,
Roused indignations of his countrymen.
His anxious soul, midst high transactions, bore
The grievances of jealous captaincy,
Forced reconcilement of inferior minds,
And Congress, leaving wont of earlier days,
Impervious now unto the tides of God.

As some great cliff standing against the sea,
High and majestic, dashes the wild waves
Back into angry foam about its base,
So Washington, a spirit towering
Immoveable, met all insurgent foes,—
Their hates, their jealousies, their treacheries,
Revolts, cabals, and disobediences,
And broke them into ruin round his feet,—
Stood forth disintegrate, a perfect whole,
A rock-man of a turbulent century
Wrapped in the light and thunder of the skies.

HEIGHTS OF STRATEGY

SWIFT Maytime and swift movement! Morristown
Yielded her guests at last to Middlebrook
And later places for high strategy.
Perplexity was ever at his side,
But held in leash by trust invincible.
Burgoyne, all-conquering, marched across the north,—
Ticonderoga, Hubbardtown, his spoils,
And patriot surprise, chagrin, and gloom.
Oriskany, Fort Schuyler, Bennington,
Three victories, freedom's sunbursts through the clouds.
Besiegement or defeat or dream fulfilled,
Nor stung nor changed the temper of his faith.
Red Coats, on Jersey's shores for fresh despoil,
Threatened undoing of successes past.
The British fleet, its prows turned southwardly,
Portended capture of the Capital.

But rising over all, his regnant soul
Of generalship and statesmanship rode high
Upon the stately charger of his hope.
His clear discernment and directing mind
Wrought constantly midst absent regiments
His will's prevailing, touching North and South
From Canada to Chesapeake. The hearts
Of Europe's Captains followed, marvelling
Upon his every strategy, and sensed
The coming triumph of America;
While admiration of his greatness sprang
From lips of kings and warriors cross the sea,
Blanching at times the face of England's dream.

THE FLAG OF BETSY ROSS *

It is a cherished story,
The making of Old Glory,
The Stars and Stripes without a stain or gloss.
'Twas Washington divined it,
And graciously consigned it
Unto the skilful hands of Betsy Ross.

The while she smiled and wondered,
Her task she deeply pondered,—
Its thirteen stripes of radiant red and white,
Its left-hand corner flooded
With Heaven's own blue, and studded
With thirteen circling stars of purest light.

All other calls denying
She set her needle flying,
And hastened her high mission to complete.
Ah, but it was a beauty,

* June 14th, 1777.

That flag of faith and duty,
The standard which should lead embattled feet!

Unfurled as though to wave it
To Washington she gave it,
Who flung it to the winds of Heaven blown.
Inspiringly it floated
O'er freedom's host devoted,—
The Nation had a banner all its own.

THE COMING OF LAFAYETTE

The voice of Franklin was not vain.
  The spirit of a people stirred
By similar tyranny felt the strain,
  And his appealings heard;
And France, with wealth and wisdom bold,
Bore sympathy and gifts of gold.

There was a Knight of Liberty,
Belovèd of the Court and Crown,
Youthful and noble, crossed the sea
  And entered on a rare renown.
From distant centers of the skies
  He sensed the Spirit's winds a-blowing;
And felt across the world the rise
  Of brotherhood o'erflowing.
Thus answered he the increasing call
  On argent ship's adventurous wings,
And laid at feet Colonial
  His state and fortune's offerings,
  His heart's interior springs.

No wonder gracious Washington
Embraced him proudly as his son,
And set him upon battle ways
Beside him 'neath redemption's rays.
Who now can doubt that Providence
Was guiding life's and love's expense?

Chivalric spirit! none may tell
The glory of thine endless spell.
The deeds which so devoted were
Reveal inspired interpreter.
'Twas thou didst open for men's good
The shining paths of brotherhood!
'Twas thou didst weave faith's strange
romance
Around the troops and ships of France!
'Twas thou didst battle generously
To set a struggling people free!

Beloved, immortal Lafayette!
Thou didst bestow a solemn debt
America at last shall pay,
Some day,—some near or distant day,—
With patriot blood and sweat!

GENERAL PERSHING AT THE TOMB OF LAFAYETTE 1917

At the tomb of Lafayette
General Pershing stood,—and met
France aflame. Who can forget?

By the ancient hero's bier
Pershing spake a nation's cheer,—
"Lafayette, lo, we are here!"

How they vowed,—those Pershing men,—
France should have her own again,
Gift of theirs, Alsace-Lorraine!

Château-Thierry, Saint Mihiel,
Argonne Wood!—They fought and fell
Throttling every throat of Hell.

Now beyond the Rhine they stand;
Pershing speaks:—"Behold we hand
Back to France her rescued land!"

At the tomb of Lafayette,
Freedom pays its centuried debt.
And the world will not forget.

BRANDYWINE AND GERMANTOWN

At last within the Capes of Delaware
Appeared the fleet of England. Washington
Measured the foe's intent. With quick dispatch
He marched his army through the Capital—
Drums beating, banners flying, sprigs of green,
Symbols of hope, adorning soldiers' brows—
And down the Delaware to Wilmington.
Majestically at the front he rode,
Beside him Lafayette, the scion of France,
The knightly herald of her sympathy.
And as they marched, beholding multitudes
Were moved anew to fealty's faith and hope.

'Twas duty joined with destiny that brought
Necessity for conflict. Quickly came
The Battle of the Brandywine. Each ford
Was tinged with patriot blood, while heroes fought
With love of Country storming through their souls.

But 'twas a deadly and disastrous day,
Which might have been a day of victory
But for the blundering of Sullivan.

To-day upon the field of Brandywine
There is a dimly-outlined hollow trench
In which were buried at the battle's close
Five hundred English and Americans.
And now, along that trench, from end to end,
Upon Memorial Days of later times,
A row of flags is planted, Stars and Stripes,
Gifts of the American Legion's hearts and hands,—
The heroes of America who fought
Beside their English brothers over-seas,
To save the heritage of liberty,
The glory of the Anglo-Saxon world.
Healed are the wounds of seventeen-seventy-seven;
Together England and America
Stand for the future of democracy.

And after Brandywine was Germantown,
Where varying fortunes turned at last to one
Of patriot defeat. What British arms
Could not effect, fog and mistakenness

Of friends for foes created. But withal
There came a vision unto combatants
And to the people of the hopelessness
Of Britain's triumph,—seeing the spirit aflame
And freedom growing and unconquerable,
While Washington perceived beyond the clouds
British delay the more effectual
Keeping Howe's army separate from Burgoyne's.

Part Seven

VALLEY FORGE

THE TALE HISTORIC *

It is a tale o'er which the whole world pores,
And takes unto itself consolement vast,
Beholding how our sires confronted ills
And never doubted triumph ultimate
Because of their great cause and Washington.

It is a tale o'er which the whole world pores,
Beholding how upon that sacred swale
Thousands of later patriots ere they crossed
The sea unto the land of Lafayette
To make the world "safe for democracy,"
Gathered to consecrate their destinies
To the sublime ideals of Washington;
And how beside that altar-shrine of faith,—
The Washington Memorial Chapel there,—
Upon them fell envelopings of grace
Out of the heavens, and somehow they divined
The spirits of the Army of Valley Forge
O'ershadowing and pledging victory.

* Dec. 19th, 1777—June 19th, 1778.

It is a tale being wrought in stone and bronze
By hearts and hands insistent year by year
With the remembrance of those heroes there
Devoted to the cause of liberty,
And patriot's children's children shall persist
Constructing arches, statues, chapels, shrines,
And thereon offering living sacrifice,
While earthward sounds from Heaven about
Mount Joy,
Across hushed cannon of an earlier time,
The inspiration of a hymnic strain
Engraved upon the Nation's towering Arch,
The people's canticle of tenderness,—
"They hunger no more, neither thirst any
more!"

THEY HUNGER NO MORE

They wearily marched in the snow and the sleet,
Half-naked, half-starved, and with blood-crimsoned feet.
But now they rejoice,—all their travail is o'er;
They hunger no more, neither thirst any more,—
Those heroes of Valley Forge.

In hovels they dwelt all that wild winter through,
With nothing but hardships,—no comforts they knew.
But now in God's mansions they rest and adore.
They hunger no more, neither thirst any more,—
Those heroes of Valley Forge.

By thousands they perished in want and despair.
They died and were buried,—God only knows where.
But now with White Squadrons they ride and they soar.
They hunger no more, neither thirst any more,—
Those heroes of Valley Forge.

We sacredly traverse the ways that they trod,
Renewing our vows to our Country and God.
What soldiers immortal! What saviors of yore!
They hunger no more, neither thirst any more,—
Those heroes of Valley Forge.

THE MARCH OF THE MARTYRS

Along the Schuylkill a fair valley lies
'Twixt low and sheltering ridges. Through it flows
A tiny creek, beside which anciently
There stood a forge that gave the vale its name.
'Twas Britain's vandal horde demolished it
Almost within the path of Washington.

But God had other uses for the vale.
His Forge of Destiny He set therein,
And on it laid His chosen—lofty souls—
To gain a spirit temper 'neath the blows
Of cold and hunger, plague and treachery.

Out of the fiery fog of Germantown,
Into this Valley of the Shadow of Death,
Rode Washington, leading his patriots.
The while they marched there came Thanksgiving Day

That followed the surrender of Burgoyne.
And they half-shod, staining the snow with blood;
Half-naked, stemming Winter's freezing blasts;
Half-starved, enduring hunger's eating stings;
Mixed with the great rejoicing undismayed.

Impressment of the Valley, potencies,
Defense, escapement-ways, and guardianship
Of Congress and Redemption's flaming sword—
These caught the sageful eye of Washington.
And as the poet sees with psychic power,
His mind beheld the forest's servitors—
The trees, by magic of necessity,
Turned huts that lined a woodland city's streets,
And Winter thus robbed partwise of its force.

Though huts were dungeons—so spake Lafayette—
Men's bodies, naked to the wintry winds,
Felt an interior warmth from patriot heat;
Starvation, with its stings of anguishment,
Made them more ready to endure till death.

They never doubted, since to doubt would
wrong
The gentle heart of him who trusted them,
And drank with them from the same bitter cup.
One met Golgotha for the sake of men,
And they were His. And for all after men,
Who should need hope and freedom down the
years,
They too were willing to be crucified—
They and their Leader as he walked with them.

THE BONDS OF SUFFERING

SECURELY their great cause was fixed in him.
All else came after in their larger sight.
For sake of him they met adversity;
He was their compensation for all loss;
He was their light amidst the utter dark;
He was their father, brother, comforter,
Beloved physician at the beds of pain,
Hope's great high-priest beside the doors of
death;
He was their souls' supreme necessity,
The living symbol of their sacred cause.
Men of the Revolution,—they became
At Valley Forge the sons of Washington.

So formed a bond between him and his troops
Welded through suffering. Strong confidence
Bound them inseparably. Souls visioned souls
In the high lights of pure devotedness
To God and Country, with commutual trust

That held the thunderbolts of righteousness.
So rose a patriot spirit never seen
Erstwhile in all the ages,—such a spirit
Of faith and understanding as should make
Union and Liberty invincible.

And for those selfsame ends Von Steuben
came,—
Unwittingly the instrument of God,—
To compensate for toil and suffering
With a new discipline of soldiery,
Framed strength for triumph in the days to
come.

IN THE ARENA OF VALLEY FORGE

Cold and hunger and pestilence,—
  These were the beasts that sprang upon
Freedom's defenders without defense,
  Save as the might of the spirit won.
Over them Liberty's standard spread;
Under it bravely they strove and bled,
  In the arena of Valley Forge.

Round them circled high seats ensouled
  With the martyrs of yestertime,
Hearing their prayers as they upward rolled,
  Cheering their faith as it soared sublime.
Thousands fell 'neath the strokes of death,
But their passing became Life's Breath
  In the arena of Valley Forge.

Cold and hunger and pestilence,—
  How men suffered and how men wrought!
O the testing of soul and sense!

O the vision their spirits caught,
As together among them trod
Washington and the Son of God
In the arena of Valley Forge!

THE GLORY OF A TERRIBLE YEAR

CHARGING his army that it take its place
At Valley Forge high in the ranks of light,
Outspake the great Commander to his troops:
"Good citizens and soldiers, men who count
The duties of religion claims supreme,—
Christian and patriot inseparate,—
These are your titles to distinguishment!"

The excellence of others only shone
In the superior greatness of his soul.
It was his character that made men strong,
Working the wonders of encouragement.
It was his faith that showed him conqueror,—
The crowning glory of a terrible year;
Faith in his cause as well as in his God,
Since 'twas God's cause, moved an unchanging
light.

Who visions Washington at Valley Forge
Cries out insistent, "Lord, increase our faith!"

And He who loves gives never to His child
A stone for bread, a serpent for a fish.
O God, grant to America such faith
As had her sires—for these are perilous times,
And Evil's minions stride across the land.

If faith be evidence of things unseen,
Then prayer achieves possession. He who asks
Receives,—so ever break the heavenlies loose
Upon the earthlies, so comes issuance
Of power from God on man to work His Will
And bring the Kingdom in to right the world.

They of celestial vision might have seen
The hills and vales of Valley Forge, the men
Heroic there, the guns, the entrenchèd earth,
The woodland huts, the crouching shapes of woe,
All bathed in consecration's daily dews
Of faith and prayer from Washington's great soul.

And at his word archangels lifted up
The hutted town and set it at the gates
Of the fair City of God not made with hands;
And all the lights eternal fell on it.

A VISION OF INTERCESSION

'Twas Nature's hour of stillness, and the snow
Lay deep upon the earth. Beneath a tree
His great white charger stood, while close beside,
At the wood's edge, knelt Washington in prayer.
It was the darkest moment of his life.
Driven, it seemed, into the Wilderness
To meet the same fierce tempter whom his Lord
Had met of yore and foiled;—and likewise forced
Into a place of agony and prayer,
As once was called Gethsemane, but now
Unnamed and nameless, he being only man;
Yet what High God had given His Son Beloved,
Heaven's Captain at the front of sacrifice,
He must cry out for, holding fast God's feet.

The one who saw and heard recites the tale,
Of how the great Commander, kneeling there
Alone upon the snow, lifted his face,
Streaming with tears, untowards the wintry
sky,
And in an agony of utterance,
Knowing the Mercy spent to save the world,
Implored the Heavenly Father to give aid
To him and to his army for the sake
Of his belovèd Country,—his and ours.

WASHINGTON
PRAYING AT VALLEY FORGE

WARRIOR on earth's red field,
  Priest at the sky's white gate,
Out in the drifted snow he kneeled,
  Driven and desperate.
Oh, how America's Warrior-Priest
Strove, as the tempest of doom increased,—
  Washington praying at Valley Forge!

High his agony rose,
  Fiercer than wind or sleet,
Bearing his Country in its throes
  Up to the Mercy Seat.
Oh, how his passionate pleading moved
Deity's Heart for a patriot proved,—
  Washington praying at Valley Forge!

Though 'tis courage and cause
  Fashion a hero's crown,

Prayer is the only force that draws
  Heavenly squadrons down.
Oh, how the answering ranks aflame
Sentinelled Faith's vicarious frame,—
  Washington praying at Valley Forge!

THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL

It was the Leader's prayer at Valley Forge
Suggested "The Memorial Chapel" there,
America's enduring shrine of faith
And fealty's devotion. Heavenly blest
Be he and they who with him built the fane
And drew the Nation to its sacred doors!

So shall the people enter reverent
And grateful, and shall hear again the voice
Of Washington beneath the sleeted trees,
Feel the cold winds that smote him, see the tears
Freezing upon his cheeks, as he implored
The Almighty for His aiding grace and power.

O beauteous Chapel wrought by beauteous souls!

Thy signs and symbols strengthen patriot
hearts,
While the great spirits, unbeheld but known
As hovering there, a cloud of witnesses,
Fasten upon them, binding them to God,
To Washington, and to America.

THE SWORD OF FRANCE

WHAT winds but Heaven's drove "La Sensible"
Unto the Falmouth shore? What spirit but God's
Proclaimed through herald lips the miracle,—
An armed alliance 'twixt monarchic France
And the Republic of America?
All gratitude to Marie Antoinette
Touching King Louis' heart! All praise likewise
To Franklin's wisdom, Saratoga's triumph,
And Lafayette's famed deeds for liberty!

Redemption's sword, a far Excalibur,
Moved in the sky across the Atlantic main.
Its motions flashed swift splendors through the gloom
And doom of Valley Forge. About it swayed,
To fine perceiving, far-flung sweep of wings
And mystic music as of victory.

'Twas bright May-time after the Winter's
dark;
'Twas pageantry of joy succeeding grief;
Worship, thanksgiving, every soldier frame
Feeling the affluence of answered prayer.
The signal guns turned strange felicities,
While running musket-fire along the lines
Became the servitor of gratitude.
Artillery broke in thunder-rolls about
The greening hills, across the verduring vales.
From marching troops, along the ways of
hope,
Cheer followed cheer, "Long live the King of
France!"
Shouts followed shoutings, "Long live Wash-
ington!"

'Twas in the wild uproar of jubilee
The shining faces of exultant men
Met shining face of their exultant Chief;
And somehow in their midst, and touching all,
There seemed to be another Shining One
That glorified remembrances of woe.

Part Eight

THE FIRES OF MONMOUTH

O'ER JERSEY'S SOIL TO MONMOUTH *

THE Delaware forevermore shall be
One of the sacred streams of history.
New Jersey shall through all the ages stand
The American Revolution's Holy Land.

The Sword of France, like a huge comet's train,
Flashing forebodings, shooting ominous flames,
Had swept before the gaze of British eyes
Striking a staggering fear to England's heart.
Supposèd gain was withering in the grasp
Of Desperateness, and names emblazonèd
Were turning darkling memories of shame.

She voiced her eagerness to end the war
On any terms but those of Independence.
One answer only came,—'twas Monmouth's guns.

* June 18th—June 28th, 1778.

Above the march and storm the patriots
Had seen emergent vision moving forth,
And in its eyes that ran through all the earth,
And beaconing through the struggle, pain, and
death,—
The features of a free America
Commanding loftily, an isolate star,
Maker and sovereign of her destiny.

Two armies crossed the rushing Delaware
By divers ways unto New Jersey's shore,—
The one, Sir Henry Clinton's, hastening
Out from a winter's ease and luxury,—
The other, Washington's, in close pursuit,
Out from a winter's pain and poverty.

By marchings, halts and skirmishes, the hosts,
Trailing immortal paths o'er Jersey's soil,
Moved eastward till they met upon the plain
Of Monmouth. 'Tis a tale as often told
As each new generation climbs to see
Its patriot inheritance, and feels
The winds of inspiration strong and sweet
Blowing from off the peaks of liberty.

BRITAIN'S EVACUATION DAY

'Twas Evacuation Day,
When the Red Coats stole away
  Out of Philadelphia abashed and scared.
They had had their Mischianza;
They had featured every stanza
  Of the fête which Major Andrè had prepared.

Through the Winter they had dined,
Danced and revelled, gamed and wined,
  Scarcely thinking of the future's reckoning.
Fed and pampered by the Tories,
They had loved their lustful glories,
  Though they sometimes wondered what might come in Spring.

In their pleasure and their pride
Stars of Heaven they had defied,

Never dreaming how the seers of right had planned.
Now at last their hearts were frightened
By the hopes which France had brightened
In the ranks of Valley Forge so close at hand.

Thus aroused by sudden fear
They began their marching sheer
O'er New Jersey's hills and valleys to the sea.
Little thought they that their going
Would be met by such outflowing
Of fierce scourging under Washington's decree.

What abasement of retreat!
What a fate deserved,—to eat
Very dust which they had forced on Freedom's sons!
What a havoc of pursuing
Wrought the Briton's dire undoing,
Judgment, long-deferred, on kinghood's myrmidons!

Let the story oft be told,
Ever endless, never old,
  Of our heritage of patriot blood and toil!
Of our valiant Continentals,
Our redemption's Instrumentals,
  And the battle fought for us on Monmouth's
    soil!

MONMOUTH FIELD

It was the last of the Sabbath days that hallowed the month of June.
So hot it was that the landscape seemed to lie in a fiery swoon.
Away towards the sea at early morn white circles of smoke were seen,
While distant booming of British guns rolled over the hazy screen.

Through woods and marshes rode Lee and Wayne to Freehold's verdant height;
When lo, they visioned on Monmouth's plain the Red Coats in their might.
The rattling cavalry, marching lines, the drums and the trumpet blasts,
The forming columns, the hurrying steeds, were battle's sure forecasts.

Along the ridge moved Lafayette with veteran ranks at hand;

And close behind him was Washington advancing with his command.
But Lee, of the craven and traitorous heart, recoiled from his duty's claim,
And ordered back his astounded troops in cowardly haste and shame.

Near Tennent Church, where the roadway forked, stood Washington beside
His great white horse, while he planned the course which urgency justified.
When suddenly thrice the rumor came,—Lee's soldiers were in retreat,
And men of daring, perplexed, enraged, were driven to sure defeat.

He sprang to the saddle, put spurs to his steed, and dashed towards retreating corps.
In wrath and horror, with waving sword, his columns he towered before.
With indignation that smote their souls he shouted in vehement rage,
"Halt, halt! what means this disorderly flight? About, and the foe engage!"

They saw, they heard, as he wheeled around and faced the perfidious Lee,

The furious anger, the terrible curse let loose
on disloyalty.
They felt his sense of betrayal flash like light-
ning through tempest driven;
They stood in terror and awe as though a bolt
had fallen from Heaven.

A great wild cheer went up from his men; they
rallied to meet the foe;
And Washington's will was theirs to do what-
ever his word should show.
The onslaught came, but they faltered not;
among them their Leader rode,
Majestic and calm in the face of the storm,—
his presence their constant goad.

The battle was on,—'twas a terrible fight, but
thorough the hurricane
The voice of Washington rose supreme, with
courage and faith the strain.
At last the British, hard-pressed, drew back
and passed o'er the battle's meres;
While slaughter reddened the Monmouth sands
with Monckton's grenadiers.

The fires of heaven and earth and hell had
blazed through the long fierce day.

The sun was setting; the Red Coats foiled were
ranged on the hills away.
But Washington sat on his great white horse
America's strength and shield,
While freedom's banners of triumph waved
beside him on Monmouth field.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

The night closed down upon the patriot host—
Prostrate from heat and worn with battle toil—
Inviting rest until the early morn
Should call again their columns to pursue
The enemy, and crown the victory
With capture of their baggage-train, artillery
and troops.

The great Commander lay beneath a tree
In meditation on the day's events;
When up to him stole softly Lafayette,
And stretched himself beside him lovingly.
The General drew his cloak about them both,
And thus together wrapped they fell asleep
As sire and son united in affectionate embrace.

At early morn sounded the reveillè.
The slumbering army sprang at duty's call.
But as its General scanned the Monmouth hills

And Middletown's high road, he realized
The British in the night had slipped away,
And now were far advanced towards Sandy Hook,
With England's fleet and Howe on deck in charge awaiting them.

'Twas scarcely worth the while to follow on,—
So hot it was, so weary were the men.
Wherefore they roamed amidst the Monmouth woods
And on the hillsides round Old Tennent Church,
Knowing full well that Monmouth field had been the turn of the tide.

OLD TENNENT CHURCH

I

Old Tennent! On "White Hill" it stands,
  The same as when its lofty tower
Looked down on Monmouth's crimsoned sands,
  And Washington's great hour.

'Twas built by Covenanter sons;
  "Religious Liberty" its seal;
Through centuried years its story runs
  With faith's supreme appeal.

There Tennent preached, whose trancèd soul
  Had known Heaven's joys that wait for us,
Brought back, as though from death's control,
  A second Lazarus.

About it lie the cherished dead
  Of all those years. Remembering care
Adorns their graves, and strangers tread
  Among them as in prayer.

2

Beyond the Church raged Monmouth's fight.
  Its frame was pierced by British balls.
And wounded soldiers, in their plight,
  Were nursed within its walls.

Round it the people saw and heard—
  The farmer-folk from far and near—
And watched the battle as it stirred
  Their hearts with hope and fear.

That sultry Sabbath noon there stood
  Beside it, pondering, Washington;—
The battle-fury in his blood;
  The fight but just begun.

And gazing on that House of Prayer,
  To Heaven went up the Leader's heart,
For God His mighty arm to bare
  And victory impart.

3

They stand together age on age,
  The Priest and Patriot, sacred signs
Of faith and freedom, heritage
  America enshrines.

God's children love to linger long
  Before its pulpit white and high,
While often memories seem to throng
  Like angels from the sky,

And o'er the hills there faintly comes
  The sound of muted battle cheers,
The measured roll of distant drums
  Across the golden years.

Each worshipper in lowliness
  Vows trust and service ever one
Beneath o'ershadowing witnesses,
  Tennent and Washington.

Part Nine

YORKTOWN AND VICTORY

WINTER-TIME IN JERSEY

A LINE of cantonments from West Point south
Unto the Delaware! Thus under guard
Were Hudson River and New Jersey's shore;
While Washington, along this martial line
Rode often, watching with imperious eyes
And planning strategies. The massacres
Of fair Wyoming and sweet Cherry Valley
Tore at his heart. 'Twas Wayne took Stony Point
And gave him cheer, and Paul Jones' victory
On ocean highway raised afresh his hopes.
But with a Congress grown degenerate
And deaf to his appeals; and with huge hate
Voiced by relentless foes, the clouds were dark,
And sorrow ushered in the winter-time,
While ice and snow and paralyzing cold
Engulfed his soldiers as at Valley Forge.

And there at Morristown, upon the heights,
In the White House most dear to Freedom's
sons,
With Hamilton his cherished brain and pen,
He spent the Winter, waiting for the Spring.

O GREAT WHITE HOUSE OF MORRISTOWN

O GREAT White House of Morristown,
  New Jersey's constant pride!
Up to thy portals of renown
Rode Washington with sword and crown
  Of battle to abide.
O great White House of Morristown!

How gladsome was the opening
  To that illustrious guest,—
A new-born Nation's more than king;
Her soldier-savior, sent to bring
  Freedom to mortal breast!
O great White House of Morristown!

There dwelt he through those winter days
  Midst his heroic men,—
His fervent soul and theirs ablaze
With love of Country and the ways

Fate should compel again.
O great White House of Morristown!

And one there was who visited
The place with presence sweet
Of wifely comradeship, and shed
Love's comfortings whose grace outspread
About his forced retreat.
O great White House of Morristown!

How sacred now because of him
Is every room and hall!
Nor time nor change can ever dim
What history paints and memories limn
With consecrated thrall.
O great White House of Morristown!

O dear White House of our dear Sire!
What pilgrim hearts have turned
To thee for feeding of the fire
Of patriot duties that inspire
Where once his spirit burned!
O great White House of Morristown!

THE HORSEMAN AT THE GATE

Across the way from the great White
House—
The White House of Morristown—
There stands a statue whose virtues rouse
Remembrance of cross and crown.
'Tis fashioned of bronze—a rider and horse
Aface to the western sun.
Pause, passing traveller, in thy course,
And gaze upon Washington!

Note well the form of the powerful steed
Reined in by a powerful hand!
Consider the rider, intently read
His features, and understand!
He crouches, as fiercely the west-wind blows
And lowering clouds unfold.
He scans the landscape, and mourns the woes
Of comrades in Winter's hold.

He sits immured on the stallion's back
  In thought's mysterious frame.
His mind is ranging his army's track
  And valor that overcame.
He plans afresh for the days to come
  When freemen shall meet anew
The British horde and the Hessian scum,
  And furrow the red ranks through.

Midst Winter and Summer, in cold and heat,
  Yon monument shall abide,
Compelling the halting of wayfaring feet,
  And starting a wonder wide.
And year after year shall Washington,—
  Bronze Captain in mounted state,—
Be symbol and sign to reflect upon,
  God's Horseman at the gate.

THE MARCH TO VIRGINIA

It was a time of dire anxiety.
With Spring the British southward turned, and took
The City of Charleston, while the Congress sank
To deeper helplessness. Desertions played
Their dastard part. Revolt and mutiny
Besieged the troops. And the whole country seemed
Exhausted and indifferent. To these
Was added Arnold's treason, the last stroke
To break the General's heart. But suddenly
The clouds began to lighten. At the north
Marched Rochambeau's French columns all aglow
To join with Washington. While in the south
Four battles ushered in the hoped-for dawn.
Cornwallis, driven from the open field,

Marched north to Yorktown which he fortified,
And waited anxiously what was to be.

To Washington, expecting early aid,—
Promised recruits and pledged supplies,—there
    came
The message that the Count de Grasse would
    sail
With fleet and soldiers to the Chesapeake;
Also the rumor that Cornwallis planned
Soon to embark a portion of his men
In aid of General Clinton in the north.

Postponing his attack upon New York,
He started southward in great secrecy,
Close-followed by the French with Rocham-
    beau,
Down through New Jersey to the Delaware,
Across in transports o'er the Chesapeake,
And joined with Lafayette at Williamsburg.
He met upon the flagship of De Grasse
The waiting Admiral, and there arranged
Swift move upon Cornwallis. Thus it came—
French and Americans, twelve thousand strong,
A large fleet in Lynn Haven, and the approach
To Yorktown and to final victory.

THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN *

Cornwallis on the breastworks stood, and
looked unto the sea.
He saw the fleet of France afloat, with guns
placed warily.
He turned his glances westward and there
visioned Lafayette,
His forces swinging forward upon battle pur-
pose set;
While up the slope before him mounted steadily
and slow,
The patriots of Washington, the braves of
Rochambeau.

Across the sandy loam they crept, intrenching
night by night,
Their cannon dragging upward and preparing
for the fight

* Sept. 30th—Oct. 19th, 1781.

When Washington should give the sign. At length the sign was given.
They opened fire; the foe replied; the sky with flame was riven.
The blazing ships, the flashing guns, the screams of bursting shells,
And all the slope and Yorktown's heights become a hundred hells.

At length the British, 'neath assaults, their desperate volleys stayed.
The gunners of Cornwallis hid behind their barricade.
The next night fresh redoubts were raised, the guns anew were spread;
Across the space two ardent youths two bands of heroes led.
For victory or death they crossed the rampart's breaking shield.
The fight was brief and bloody, but the foe was forced to yield.

Cornwallis sought in his despair ways of escape to find.
But all in vain; for suddenly there rose a furious wind.

The Gloucester waves turned enemies; no boats
the course could make.
'Twas God Who sent the hurricane for Washington's dear sake.
At mid-day British drums were heard, beating
a parley true,
While o'er the breastworks suddenly a white
flag leaped to view.

'Twas early afternoon, and on the field of victory,
Surrender of Cornwallis and his Army was
to be.
On either side the Hampton road, along two
glorious miles,
The forces of America and France were ranged
in files.
At head of the Americans sat proudly Washington
Upon his white and famèd horse, the Nation's
greatest son.
And opposite sat Rochambeau, heading the
braves of France,
Upon his splendid bay, elate, with shining
countenance;

While over the Americans there waved the Stripes and Stars,
And o'er the French exultantly King Louis' lillied Bars.

Thus the victorious armies waited patiently events;
When soon from Yorktown slowly marched the British regiments.
Cornwallis, named "The Terror of the South," did not appear;
Heartsick and mortified he feared the victors' taunt and jeer.
O'Hara led the strange procession forward like a lord;
And gracefully surrendered he Cornwallis' gleaming sword.

Forward a line of Captains moved, the standards handing o'er.
And after them the Army marched,—their shouldered arms they bore.
Between two lines of patriots the Red Coats passed apace
Unto a plain where French Hussars had made a circled space.

The soldiers bowed in grief and shame, while
many a face was wet
With bitter tears, as on they strode, and down
their muskets set;
Then turning slowly marched they back the
way they did pursue,—
Marched back to camp; the scene was o'er;
and Freedom's sky was blue.

THE JOY THAT SWEPT THE LAND

Joy, following the surrender, swept the land.
The clattering hoofs on Philadelphia's streets
Awoke the people. Lights flashed one by one.
The watchmen on their rounds cried lustily,
"Past twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken!"
Before the dawn the avenues were thronged.
Shout after shout broke on the astounded night.
The doorkeeper of Congress died for joy.
The old bell-man, aroused from slumber, rushed
Unto the State House, whence the historic bell
Again rang out proclaiming liberty.
Artillery salvos stirred the morning air;
While Congress and the people solemnly
Marched in procession to give thanks to God.

At last arrived the expected news of peace.
The war was over and the treaty signed.

And on the eight-fold anniversary
Of Lexington the glad word was proclaimed.

About their Chief the patriot army stood
Crowned with the bays of immortality;
While over all the spirit of Washington
Rose as an exhalation, issuing cheer,
And placing warningly before the world
The pillars of the Nation's government,
Indissoluble union, fealty
To justice, proper peace establishment,
And generous dispositions among men—
The basis of the structure, liberty.

Reciting briefly what they had achieved,
He praised the perseverence of their arms,
Declaring it a standing miracle.
Then unto them he spoke his last farewell.
And they who saw and heard could not restrain
The overwhelming sorrow of their hearts
That they should see their General's form no
more.

THE RETURN OF THE SWORD

It was a bright December noon. A barge
At Whitehall Ferry waited to convoy
The General cross the stream to Jersey's shore.
At Fraunces' Tavern in the neighborhood
His Army Officers had met to take
Last leave of their loved Leader. As he came
Into their midst, his agitation broke
His self-control. Filling a glass with wine,
And turning on them his benignant face,
He spake his heart's full love and gratitude;
Then drank his benediction of farewell.

Embracing each in turn affectionately,
In silence he departed to the barge.
Upon the shore they waited while he passed.
And, waving to them, vanished from their
sight.

The Hall of Congress at Annapolis
Was filled to overflowing. At high noon
Came Washington escorted to his seat.
And in response unto the President
Rose, and in phrases modest, dignified,
Bade Congress an appropriate farewell;
Then handed his Commission and his Sword
Back to their givers, and departed thence.
And every heart was stirred, and every face
Was wet with tears, while a deep silence reigned
For a long moment that could not be broken.

Next day unto Mount Vernon he made haste.
There he arrived on Christmas eve, to give
His presence to the sweet home festival.

Part Ten

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC

THE WATCH-TOWERS OF MOUNT VERNON

Mount Vernon furnished solace to the soul
Of Washington after a soldier's life.
Retired within himself, he now would tread
The paths of quietude. His rural home
Beside the broad Potomac made his world.
None other he desired. Along the ways
Of yore he loved to linger, Nature leal
To every touch, and friendship's interludes
Playing 'twixt obligations. Thus he spent
The Winter and the Spring. But from his home
His watchful mind looked outward. Far beyond
Immediate spaces he conceived the flow
Of rivers joined to make a future way
West of the mountains for increasing growth
Of populations for whose sake he dreamed.
From his retreat, with deep solicitude,
He watched the work of the Confederacy,

Anxious to know if thirteen separate States
Could form a government that should avail.
Within him doubts tormentingly arose
As to the fabric for which he had striven.
Was it but shadow merely, without substance?
The while he feared, a crisis he conceived
With tigerish strides approaching, unrepelled.
How could a nation live without somewhere
The lodgment of a power which should pervade
The Union so that its authority
Should reach o'er all the several States thereof?

And there amidst Mount Vernon's quiet shades
He raised a cry that stirred the land entire,—
A cry for right and high allegiance
To the great concepts of the Revolution,
The ends which sacrifice had sealed with
blood:—
"Let us a standard raise to which the wise
And honest can repair! The event is in
The Hand of God! Give us a Government
By which our lives and liberties are safe!
Give us a Constitution!"—Everywhere
The people leaned an earnest ear to hear
The faintest whisper from oracular lips
Of him they loved as their deliverer.

It was not statesmanship, but character
Which thus gave utterance to a burdened soul.
His cry turned miracle that roused a host,
Mighty in numbers and in influence.
Naught could restrain their eager answer-
ings,—
"Give unto us the power that comes through
faith
To make our Country strong in righteousness!"

And so at last in Philadelphia
They met—great spirits from the several
States—
There to revise their old Confederacy,
Or fashion all things new as Providence
Should show the consecrate and glorious way.

Heading a chosen Seven, Washington
Rode forth from Old Virginia. On his route
His Generals met him, and a Light-Horse
Troop
Escorted him into the Capital.
There the Convention gathered; there at once
They voted him to be their President.
How nobly loomed he midst assembled peers,
Looking and speaking wisdom signally,

The chief law-giver of his freedomed land!
And there they fashioned through that summertime,
Led by its prime constructor, Hamilton,
A fundamental frame of government,
A Magna Charta of Democracy,
The Constitution of the United States.

And when he was about to sign his name
To the great instrument, he slowly rose,
And holding up his pen, after a pause
These words delivered:—"Should the States reject
This excellent Constitution, probably
An opportunity will ne'er again
Offer to cancel another one in peace.
The next will be drawn up in blood!"—And then
He started the bright list of the Immortals.

THE SIGN OF A RISING SUN

How gloriously sat Washington
  Within the President's chair!
Himself was the sign of a rising sun
  Which Franklin pictured there.
'Twas he who held the many in one,
  As day-tides and deeds declare.

From him the primal insistence came,
  From him the initial fire.
Before him slowly arose acclaim,
  Fulfilling his long desire.
Thus truths assembled to beauteous frame,
  Whose being can ne'er expire.

So warmly and sweetly his virtues shed
  High wisdom's creative rays;
So gently and sternly his prescience led
  Discernment of duty's ways;
That they who followed turned seers and spread
  The wonder each age displays.

THE CONSTITUTION

As Moses out of Sinai brought
  The Ten Commandments from God's Hand,
So, Heaven-inspired, our Fathers wrought
  The Constitution of our land,
To be the People's sovereign Word,
Their Law supreme and registered.

Not by mere chance or impulse blind,
  But through much prayer and pondering,
Its growth became a Nation's mind
  Expressed, State joining State, to bring
Bulwarks of right and justice, power
Of wise discernment for each hour.

Behold its history! Year by year,
  Resisting all the winds of Hell,
It has endured, to freemen dear,
  Democracy's great Sentinel.
If it should fail, then would be furled
The Stars and Stripes that leads the world.

The Constitution, hope of man!
  We pledge it every patriot toll.
He is no true American
  Who stands not by it body and soul.
And so, as were our Fathers, we
Will ever its defenders be.

ELECT OF A NATION: THE WAY TRIUMPHAL

Heartfelt acclamations
Rose from the youngest of nations,—
  Washington called to be President!
Whatso could measure
Worth of the treasure
  Set at the core of the great event?

But never stood he more majestical,
  On battlefield or at the helm of state,
Than when at Fredericksburg he felt the thrall
  Of his dear mother in the grip of fate,
To whom he bade farewell, feeling the breath
  Of tenderness and courage which she bore,—
The twain beholding the approach of death,
  And knowing they should meet again no more.
  Hers was the heavenly blessing he unceasing wore.

At length he bade adieu,
As no man ever knew,
  Reluctantly unto Mount Vernon's grace
Of beauty, peace, and quietness,
  To take his pre-determined place
Amidst unknown and dreaded stress
  Of duty's turbulence and constant care's embrace.

Like to triumphant march of conqueror
Was all his journey from Potomac shore,—
  Continuous ovations,
  Exultant jubilations
From multitudes that surged along his way,—
  Convoys, processions, happy bells a-ringing,
  And thunders of artillery greetings flinging,
Making day glorious, turning night to day.

From all the country round
  Assembled Cavalry disporting
With clashing sabers and with joyous bound
  Turned into notable escorting.
Out from their midst a great white horse they led
For Washington, who thus rode at their head,

While grew the long procession fast
And 'neath triumphal arches passed.

All hail little sweet Angelica Peale *
Who dropped from the arching foliage down
Upon his head a laurel crown,
While multitudes shouted with joy and zeal
Turned into a long and far renown!
Who once rejected a diadem
In outraged majesty, sorrowing,
Could not resist this stratagem
Of love to make him the heart's own king,—
For king he was in the heart of a child,
And king he shall be for the undefiled
Forever. A crown with such a use,—
This he could not refuse.

He reached the banks of the Delaware;
A great throng gathered to greet him there
Where years before in darkness and storm
Through snow and sleet and ice afloat
With banner aloft he crossed his boat
And captured at Trenton the Hessian swarm.

* The little daughter of the painter, Charles Wilson Peale.

The Assunpink bridge no longer gleamed
  With campfires of foe;
But o'er it an arch of triumph beamed,
  With blossoms aglow,
The gift of the women of Jerseyland
Which love had planned;
  While from it mementoes of victory hung,
  And cross it the great words brightly swung,—
    "Defender of the Mothers;
     Protector of the Daughters."

He looked adown in great surprise
  Upon the sea of upturned faces;
The hot tears glistened in his eyes;
  His smiles bestowed responsive graces.
And as he passed 'neath the arch of light,
  The way with greetings of welcome rang,
Fair maidens, wreathèd and dressed in white,
  Strewed flowers along his path, and sang
The strain which down the years goes echoing on,
"Welcome the Mighty Chief!" and "Long live Washington!"

Over the selfsame route he passed
  Cross New Jersey where once he fled,
British and Hessians following fast,
  Army wasting and hope nigh dead.
Now he made his triumphal way
  Midst a happy and peaceful throng,
  Greeting him thus as he passed along,
Jubilant, proud, and gay.
  Oh, 'twas a sight all-moving,
  Faith and affection proving!

A splendid barge for the occasion made,
  By thirteen white-robed masters of vessels manned,
Gave greeting to the approaching cavalcade;
  And in it he embarked, while close at hand
Were other barges fancifully graced,
Which formed a beauteous flotilla by the sea embraced,
  The oars all keeping time
  With music's strains sublime,
  And gratulatory odes in dulcet rhyme.

First to greet him were they who fought
  Under him in his army days.
One more grasp of his hand they sought

Ere he passed into statehood's maze,
Into the loftier realm, the world-wide thought.

All the bells of the City sounded;
Joyous welcoming strains abounded;
Houses with flags were decorated,
Silken banners streamed.
Garlands of flowers commemorated
What he did and dreamed.

Streets and windows and laden roofs,
Shouting and cheers,
And gladsome tears
Bore him devotion's proofs.

Often he bowed as he passed along,
Lifting his hat to the greeting throng;
Smiling upon them to left, to right,
Slowly he moved till out of sight,
Slowly he moved unto rest and night.

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION

At dawn of the morning of April's last day,*
  The artillery fired a salutation;
The streets were filled with imposing array;
  Each church-bell summoned its congregation
To gather, and Heaven's rich blessings pray
  Upon the President and his administration.

And so they prayed, and out they went;
And then the martial music blent
  With military companies a-forming,
  And radiant mass of citizens a-swarming,
All to escort the President.

Thus did he pass along,
Along through the greeting throng,
  Unto the Federal Hall
  To wait the Nation's call,
While silence solemnly
Ushered the great to-be.

* Thursday April 30, 1789.

At length the little company rose,—
  Vice-President, Senators, Chancellor,
Accompanying Washington from the close
  Out through the Senate Chamber's door.
They passed to the balcony in full sight
  Of the assembled multitude,
Whose lifted voices and faces bright
  Saluted and cheered with shouts renewed
Expressing emotion of delight.

Advancing to the gallery's rail,
  He laid his hand upon his heart,
Bowed, answering thus the crowd's "All hail!"
  Then quickly turned to a chair apart;
And all the populace seemed to ween
The overpowering of the scene,
And sank at once into quietness serene.

But of a sudden forth again he stood;
  It was a goodly sight of high degree;
Into his features leaped the imperious blood
  Of Old Virginia's aristocracy,
Compulsive in supreme heroic mood,
  But mixed with battle-won democracy.
His sword, steel-hilted, beside him gently
    swung,

Reminder of the revolution from which his
potence sprung.
Thus, atmosphered with grace majestical,
He waited for the coming ritual.

The Chancellor advanced and read
The oath prescribed by the Constitution;
While Washington on the Bible spread
Most reverent hand, and with resolution
Most solemnly swore to execute faithfully
The office of President,
And to the best of his ability
Preserve, protect, defend the sacred Instrument,
The Constitution of the United States,
Against malicious and malignant hates.

He bent and gently kissed the Holy Book
As it lay shining on its crimson cloth
Upon the table, waiting for his oath;—
"I swear, so help me God!" his lips avowed;
Whereat the Chancellor, "It is done!" and bowed.
Then turning to the throng with buoyant look,

He waved his hand and cried what history vindicates,
"Long live George Washington, the President of the United States!"

At once from the cupola gaily sprang
A flag to the breeze,—a sign and seal.
The cannon boomed, and the church-bells rang,
Rang out a joyous peal.
The multitude rent the air with acclamation
Of rapture over the Inauguration.

And the throngs felt, as slowly they dispersed,
The solemn awfulness of the great scene;
The President's high services rehearsed,
His deep devoutness and his spiritual mien
As o'er the sacred page his soul's wealth he precursed,
And stood confirmed the Country's hope serene.

Again unto the people Washington
Bowed smiling, then to Senate Chamber turned,
Where, to the Congress, whose good pleasure shone,

He rendered his Inaugural that earned
The high approval of his listening peers
And unadulterate cheers.

Who may relate those wonder-words of faith
Without a sense of reverence and praise?—
"No people can be bounden to acknowledge
And to adore the Hand Invisible
That guides the affairs of men, more than the people
Of the United States. Each step through which
They have advanced has been distinguished by
Some token of providental agency."

Who may rehearse those words ineffable
Without amaze?—"Propitious smiles of Heaven
Can never be expected on a nation
That disregards the eternal laws of order
And right which Heaven itself has fore-ordained.
The preservation of the sacred fire
Of liberty, likewise the destiny
Of this republican model of government,
Are justly thought as deeply, finally,
Staked on the experiment intrusted to

The American people's hands." 'Twas thus he
spoke,
And be his words remembered down the years.

He ceased. The Assembly solemnly repaired
To Saint Paul's Chapel where strong prayers
ascended.
Each heart in gratitude its thanks declared,
And in the heavenly blessings fully shared.
Thus the Inauguration ceremonies ended.

He rose and left the Church for his great tasks.
His mien was so majestic and august
That one who sat beside him in the pew
Declared he thought of him with veneration
More than of any other of mankind.*

* Fisher Ames.

INAUGURAL CHANT

Day of historic Inaugural!
  Man of America's faith and pride!
Yonder he moves where the high lights fall,
  Where the portals of life swing wide.

We are his sovereigns, and he is ours;
  Thus the Republic's bulwarks stand.
Gaze as the people's entrusted powers
  Gather together in his strong hand!

Humbly he kisses the Sacred Word,
  Sealing the oath which devotion swears.
Fealty has spoken, the heavens have heard;
  God has answered a Nation's prayers.

Honor to him who maintains the law,—
  Law that sprang from eternal truth,—
Sway of the spirit o'er tooth and claw,
  Crimson ravin and fiery ruth!

Honor to him who defends the right,
  Building by mutual harmonies
Structures of confidence, height on height,
  Measuring future by past decrees!

Honor to him whose wisdom broods
  Over Nature's interior springs,
Shaping democracy's wavering moods
  Into the balance the far sky brings!

Who shall question the months to come
  Under the stars in Old Glory's blue?
Who shall falter with lips turned dumb
  Midst the cheers in the long review?

Struggle and triumph, the goal is won.
  Crown him 'neath banners of love unfurled,—
Liberty's latest Child of the Sun,
  Destiny's marching front of the world!

AMERICA'S FIRST PRESIDENT

Behold him there as President
Whose life has been sublimely spent
In fine discharge of duty!
Behold him in the beauty
Of destiny's accomplishment!

STILL angels guarded him o'er all his ways
Lest he should dash his feet against a stone.
And he perceived the host instinctively
And called them Providence, but understood
The channelship of his immediate soul.
And what he did for us they did through him;
And what he gave to us we owe to God.

'Twas untrod ground he traversed, but he knew
The people's attitudes of faith and doubt,
Seeing far consequences that should make
His acts precedents in the years to come.
But by sure prudence, force conciliate,

He undertook his statesmanship as once
He led the Army of the Revolution.

Despised for want of dignity and power
Died the Confederation. Now his spirit
Must charge his nation with preeminence
That would command the plaudits of the world.
As head and master of the Government,
So he proceeded on his arduous way.
About him gathered, as he spoke the word,
A group of men compelling reverence,—
His counsellors to fill each sacred trust.

Touring the Eastern States, to put in mind
The people, by his presence, of the fact
Of the one Federal Government supreme,
He saw their love and admiration, felt
Their cordial spirits welcoming his own,
And showed them fully he was in their midst,
Not as the hero of the Revolution,
But President of the United States.
So was he credent of their loyalty,
And turned new-spirited unto his tasks.

His tasks grew greater, but he greater grew
To meet them in their vast significance.

Weary of heart by frictions which disturbed
And warred upon the Nation's harmony,
He resolutely moved, but longingly
Looked forward to the day of his release,
Scarce knowing that in him had centered fast
The people's confidence, that on him hung,
Him only, a united North and South,
And that discordances broke at his feet
As break the waves upon a rocky shore.

The very year in which America
Won democratic triumph, burst the storm
Of the French Revolution. Wave by wave
It crossed the sea and swept the people's hearts.
The Bastile's key, received from Lafayette,
Kept Washington with formal reverence,
Token of triumph over Tyranny.

Was not the spirit of France the very same
That followed Washington from Cambridge on
To Yorktown? Was not France the Country's friend
In its sore need? Should not its wealth and arms
Act as her champions? But Washington

Beheld with clearer vision than the rest.
His was a master mind, a sturdy hand,
A statesmanship of character and faith
Which held the Nation till it well discerned,
Amidst the Reign of Terror's turbulence,
Across the bloody scaffold of a king,
A wild disorder, not a sane reform.
But when the climax came, and fateful war
Broke out 'twixt France and England, then his
voice
Rose as a trumpet for neutrality.
Thus stood he, held he, in stern majesty
Of self-possession and of righteousness,
Of courage terrible, of wrath intense,
That awed the people, working wondrous fear.
It was his vision of the danger vast
That would accompany America
Participant in European wars,
Which forced him to accept a second term.

Again a General, his prerogative
To lead an army unto Braddock's field
Against revolting thousands who defied
Decrees of Congress, loomed a painful fact.
And yet 'twas glorious sight to see him there,

General and President high at the front
For the defense of law and liberty,
Heading "The Army of the Constitution."

Dense darkness gathered, violent storm and stress
Raged midst the people as they read the pact
With England—listening not to Washington's
Or any voice uplifted in defense.
But clothed in mail of wisdom, sternly still
Amidst revolt and censure and gross words
Which well-nigh broke his heart, he stood supreme
And waited for the end. At last it came;
Blind eyes were opened, and the people saw
The right, the blessings and emoluments.
Lips begged for pardon. Shame sat whelmingly
On many a brow. But it concerned him not.
Who once could turn against him, evermore
He counted all-unworthy of his grace.

So after tribulations many, worn
With duties dimming every radiant gleam
Of his great nature, yet with the fine sense
Of loyalty to Country, sacrifice
For the high purpose for which he had fought

On many a crimson field, he neared the day
Of passing forth from his official sphere
Back to Mount Vernon and to quietude,—
Back to Mount Vernon with rememberance
Of having founded a free government,
And having faithfully maintained by peace
The independence he had gained by war.
These were enough to solace future days.

THE FAREWELL ADDRESS

It was to be the day of ending, charm
Nor circumstance could o'er his will prevail
Again to enter on the official course
Of obligations which had racked his soul.
His duty he had done. For what should come,—
Let others do their part accordingly.

But ere the hour arrived, affectionately,
As 'twere a father speaking to his sons,
He issued his Farewell Address, which voiced,
Sagely and gently, both his mind and heart.
'Twas published to his Country's yeomanry,—
Disinterested warnings of a friend.

'Twas his alone, but it had passed through fires
Of judgment rendered by his closest peers
Concordantly,—the greatest group of men
In any age or country,—Hamilton
And others likewise gifted. Thus it sprang

Out of his vast sagacity, and stood
Framed as a guide for unknown coming years
To keep the Nation's life imperishable.

He charged the people to remember well
The name America, and thus exalt
The pride of patriotism and high ideals.
He charged the people to preserve the Union;
Shun militarism, foe to liberty;
Maintain the Government 'neath aegis vast
Of obligation to the Constitution;
Eschew the spirit of party; firmly hold
Religion and morality, the stays
Of all prosperity; light public thought
Through institutions upon knowledge bent;
Cherish the public credit; show good faith
And justice to all nations; but steer clear
Of any alliance with the foreign world;
And keep by suitable establishments
In a respectable defensive posture.

Thus spoke he, and the Country heard and
marked.
It was the fervent breath of kindliness,
Affection for his people, the high hope
Of their retention at whatever cost

Of what had been achieved for liberty,
Right, justice, and the certain happiness
Of life's futurities. His wisdom shone
In every phrase explicit. Virture rose
Out of experience prophet-like, and swung
The lamps of inspiration o'er the ways
Of far-extending progress. Even now
We walk by light of their astounding beams,
And hark the rhythms of admonishment
As still they ring along the golden years.

Most beauteous close! It was a joy to hear
His sweet anticipations of retreat
Partaking of the object of his heart
Without alloy midst fellow-citizens,—
Happy reward of mutual care and toil
Beneath benignant influence of good laws
Under free government. Behold e'en now
The music as it rolls across the land
Winning the heart to truth and privilege
And vision consecrate forevermore.

Upon a day devoutly set apart *
Amidst the fury of the Civil War,
By order of a later President,

* Feb. 22nd, 1862

The immortal Lincoln, sensing awesomely
Approachment of his Country's darkest hours,
The events of Fredericksburg and Chancellors-
ville,
The people everywhere throughout the land
Met in their Churches to commemorate
The birthday of the Father of his Country
By listening to his Farewell Address;
So was it lifted up and placed beside
The Scriptures in the Nation's time of need.

VALEDICTORY AND RETIREMENT

The fourth of March was a brilliant day.
The streets were thronged with a vast array
Of citizens of a glorious Nation
To witness a new Inauguration
Of Adams and of Jefferson,
And the Retirement of Washington.

The House of Representatives
  Was crowded to overflowing.
The great occasion ever lives
  Through Washington's bestowing.

After a time of earnest waiting
  Washington appeared;
Strong affection vindicating
  How the people cheered!

When at last a silence came,
  Lo, the Commander-in-Chief arose!

How majestic was his frame!
  How superb his pose!

Behold him there, as in a dream,
America's Patriot Supreme!

There he stood, in black full-dressed,
With his sword beside him pressed.
'Twas a vision of virtue's victory
  Mixed with tenderest sentiment,
While he read his valedictory
  As retiring President.

Thus he laid the orb of state
  Into another's hand.
Thus he passed, by the side of Fate,
  Into an unknown land.

How the thousands followed him,
  Eager for one last look!
Who may ever the vision limn,
  Tell how the entrance shook
With the shouts of the populace?
How his radiant tear-wet face
  Met the mood of the multitude?

How his grey hair streamed in the wind
  As he hesitating stood
And the people's souls divined!
  Never was he so moved;
  Never was he so loved.

Thus they followed him to his door.
  There he paused and would have spoken,
  But his heart was well-nigh broken,
And he could no more,—
  Only to wave farewell immortal;
  Then he turned and entered the waiting portal.

As he disappeared from view,
  Slowly a smothered sob arose;
Swept through the throngs a vast adieu,
  Laden with love's unuttered throes.

Never should they behold again
  Their great Hero—first in war;
  First in peace, a benignant star;
First in the hearts of his countrymen.

APOSTROPHE TO THE REPUBLIC

HAIL, great Republic! Thou art come
To start a new millennium.
Thy noble Sire is justly famed,
"The Father of his Country" named.
Without him thou hadst never been;
But by him thou dost enter in
Beside the Vestals of the sun,
Before the throne of Washington.

'Twas spirit of him that heard afar
The summoning clarions of war.
'Twas spirit of him that lifted up
Redemption's crimson battle cup.
'Twas spirit of him that bared the sword
And made thee chosen of the Lord.
'Twas spirit of him that loosed to fly
The civic eagles of the sky.

For the great life which on thee waits
Thou hast become the United States.

Thou hast within thee all the wheels
Of right's propulsions. Time reveals
Past wisdom, certain providence,
And deep response of soul and sense
To destiny. The hemisphere,
Conjoined with thee for thy career,
Turns with thy turnings. Europe's soul
Notes where thy waves of freedom roll.
And the far Orient wakeneth
At the sharp stirrings of thy breath.
Like Moses and his Decalogue,
Across the Desert's fire and fog,
Thou shalt break through with God's commands,
And be the mentor of all lands.

THE LAST DAYS AT MOUNT VERNON

Joy at Mount Vernon, for its lord had come!
Never did mansion lodge a happier man.
The household, saddened by his absence, rose
In rapturous outburst, and about him flocked
The servants, even as children round their sire.
The atmosphere was filled with welcoming,
And over all Mount Vernon's vast estate
Reigned gladness that the master had returned.
His was a buoyant heart, a tranquil mind,
Rejoicing in the luxury now his
After prolonged desirings for the days
Of rest and leisure, love and comradeship.

The old life met him at his threshold, beamed
Upon him, beaconing. His ancient course
Ere long began. Wheels of necessity
He put in motion, riding round his farms,
Attending unto duties multiplied

By years of absence, and at eventide
Enjoying the repose and peace of home.

But suddenly across his days serene
War's clarions sounded, and his Country called.
Again he must command an armèd host
Against a foreign foe. 'Twas duty spake.
He must obey. But when proud blood-stained
France,
Insulting through her Iron Directory,
Heard that the mighty Chief himself would lead
America to war, she humbly turned
Retreating, for she feared his name and sword.

At length the winds blew from the south, and
fears
Of storm departed. Days of quietness
Followed continuously their gentle dawns.

Sweet Nelly Custis, whom he fondly loved,
Had found her mate, his cherished sister's son;
And on his birthday they were duly wed.
It was a dear occasion. How the bride
Had begged him wear the embroidered uniform
Made for the war with France! How he re-
fused,

And donned instead the war-worn buff and
blue,
Like him the veteran of real campaigns!

And there were memories revived each day
Of one great patriot, noble Lafayette,
Now in an Austrian prison, but whose son,
Bearing the Master of Mount Vernon's name,
Found sheltering and love beneath his roof.
And there the twain had frequent fellowship,
With hope indulgent of the sire's release.

As one draws nearer to the other world,
The love of children deepens in his soul;
For he remembers in his quiet moods
How spake the Man of Nazareth long ago
Of the requirement of the childlike heart
For entering into the heavenly kingdom.
So through those later evenings of his life
To little children he grew kindlier,
And fathered them with delicate tenderness,
Till candle-light became their special hour.

Gazing beyond the near Potomac's flood
Oft he sat dreaming, brooding o'er the past.
Each year seemed as a marching oracle

Wearing an ancient glory on its brow.
He saw above and round each separate year
Shapings till now invisible, but now
Revealed as starry instruments to form
Advancings of his personality.
So as he dreamed and brooded he beheld
Himself in ever-altering attitudes
From early youth unto the latest hour
Working the Will Divine, though he had trod
Oft and alone the winepress of God's wrath
Trampling down turpitude and treachery.

So passed the years a strange processional
To consummation. There it hovered close
Wide-winged o'er lawn and river lingeringly,
Outbreathing ever sweetness and content.
So came the peace that passes understanding,
For faith had crossed the borders of the night.

One eve he saw a circle round the moon.
The next he rode back through the wind and
rain
From visiting his farms. Chilled by the cold
At midnight he was stricken. All that skill
And love could do, was done, but all in vain.
He knew that he was passing, and proclaimed,

" 'Tis well!"—And they who stood about his
couch,
Angelic guardians of his every way,
Perceived his spirit mount upon white steed
Victorious into the heavenlies,
And heard the wheeling cohort at his side
Exultant cry, "Soldier of God, well done!"